

# THE NATION

## AND ATHENÆUM

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### EVENTS OF THE WEEK

IT takes two to negotiate, as the Miners' Executive are learning. The Mining Association granted their request for a conference last week, but Mr. Evan Williams used the occasion to shut the door with a clang, insisting not only that longer hours were absolutely necessary, but that the dispute could only be ended through the medium of district settlements. Thus the owners have now reverted to their original position in its entirety, the waiving of district settlements having been the only concession which Mr. Baldwin had extracted from either party as the result of all his efforts. How far the miners were prepared to go remains uncertain. They seem to have hoped that a small joint committee might be appointed, in which possible lines of compromise might be discussed. But there was little sign in Mr. Herbert Smith's opening statement that they had any definite proposals in mind.

The Conference with the owners having broken down, the Miners' Executive were manifestly at a loss what to do next. While evidently hoping that the Government would intervene, they showed a marked reluctance to ask it to do so. The Government, on its side, was evidently determined to do nothing until asked. At length the Executive pocketed their pride, and a meeting with the Minister of Labour and the Secretary of Mines has been arranged. But it is hardly credible that anything can come of it. At Westerham last Saturday Mr. Churchill dotted the "i's" of his Swansea speech:—

"The State ought not to be drawn into what is, after all, an internal industrial dispute in one trade."

"The Eight Hours Act is not binding on any miner or mineowner. . . . But in our opinion, speaking from our knowledge, and from our detached and impartial position, we think very much better conditions of life and very much larger employment can be provided on a basis of seven and a half or eight hours than could be provided under the old Seven Hours Act."

"In the same way the Government leave it to the industry to settle whether agreements should be national or district agreements; but if we were asked to express our opinion we would feel bound to say that greater prosperity could be secured on the basis of district settlements, which take into consideration the varying conditions of the different localities, than on the basis of a uniform settlement for the whole country."

Thus their "knowledge" and "detached and impartial position" lead Ministers to side with the owners on just those points on which the Commission pronounced against them. Those who expound the owners' thesis obviously cannot press them to throw it over. Will Mr. Churchill tell us what he now conceives to have been the function of the Coal Commission?

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Preparations for Geneva have been going forward in all the capitals this week. Spain's demand for a further meeting of the Composition Committee before the Council and the Assembly come into action may prove in the event to have made for peace, though that was probably not its object. The meeting has been wisely fixed for Monday, so it will take place while the nations are gathering for the Assembly, and will have to be brought to a speedy conclusion. The vital question which remains in doubt is whether Spain will compromise by accepting an elective seat to which she could be continually re-elected under Lord Cecil's scheme, or persist in her threat to withdraw from the Council, or attempt once more, with the help of Italy, to hold up the admission of Germany while she presses her own claim to a permanent seat. It will hardly be possible for the Spanish representative to refrain from showing his hand at the Composition Committee meeting, and as all the States on the Council and claiming to be there are represented on the Committee, the conclusions reached by that body are likely to be final. It is a momentous meeting. If all goes well, Germany will

soon be admitted to the League; if another hitch occurs the consequences will be far more disastrous than they were in March.

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Let no one think, however, that if Germany enters the League next month the cause of European appeasement will have achieved its final triumph. "There is no such thing as a permanent peace," said a wise pacifist on one occasion; "peace has to be made afresh every day." The admission of Germany to the League, essential though it is as the next step, will at once raise a number of urgent questions. The Locarno understandings have yet to be carried out in various respects. The situation in the Rhineland, as a well-informed correspondent points out in a letter we publish this week, is by no means as happy as the Germans were led to expect it would be after Locarno. The administration of the Saar, for which the League is responsible, will inevitably be criticized by the German representatives. There are, moreover, persistent and disquieting rumours that the promising negotiations for the return of Eupen and Malmédy by Belgium to Germany have been brought to an abrupt end by the intervention of France and Britain. The full course of these negotiations has not yet come to light, but it is known that they had reached an advanced stage. It is said that 250 million marks were to be paid to Belgium for the return of Eupen and Malmédy, and that half of this sum would have been raised in the Rhineland as a "liberation loan." France appears to have vetoed the project; invoking not only the Versailles Treaty, but also the Locarno Pact; and "Pertinax" in the *ECHO DE PARIS* claims that Sir Austen Chamberlain was opposed to the transaction. If the letter of Locarno is to be interpreted as precluding even minor alterations of the *status quo* by purchase, its spirit will soon become an evil thing.

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The last of the three Mediterranean dictatorships to be established has been the first to fall. A group of naval and military officers, led by General Kondylis, has deposed General Pangalos, and the Greek nation has acquiesced in the overthrow of the Dictator with the same cordiality, or the same apathy, that it showed when he seized the reins of government. General Pangalos, who escaped in a destroyer, has been captured, brought back, and taken to Ægina, where he is now awaiting trial. Admiral Konduriotis has resumed office as President of the Republic, and General Kondylis, who has declared for a return to normal political conditions, is endeavouring to arrange with the party leaders for the formation of a coalition Cabinet. The General, however, regards himself as the "mandatory" of the national forces, and there are already signs that things are not going well between him and the politicians. The political conditions in Greece, outlined in another column, give little reason to anticipate that the new régime will differ essentially from the old, and the one point of real interest is the effect the change may have on the fate of the treaty with Yugoslavia, which the new leaders propose to submit to the Chamber.

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It may be taken for granted that, while the overthrow of General Pangalos may be followed by general elections and the reopening of Parliament, it will not eliminate the Greek General Staff from Hellenic politics. The outward forms of parliamentary government may be preserved; but the republican elements of the Army and Navy—the extreme wing of the old Venizelist party—will doubtless control the police and the armed forces of the State, and give authoritative advice to the civil authorities from the War Office and the headquarters

of the Athens garrison. This advice, however, is not likely to produce any marked change in Greek foreign policy. There is no sign that the Kondylis party object to the Italo-Greek entente or the Yugoslav treaty, and it may be hoped that the settlement of the Salonika railway dispute will be treated by the new Chamber on its own merits, and not on those of General Pangalos. This is the more desirable as the Græco-Yugoslav treaty appears to have been welcomed in Sofia as likely to lessen rather than increase the tension between Bulgaria and her neighbours. The new treaty of friendship and arbitration just concluded between Yugoslavia and Poland appears to have no connection with any recent disputes, and suggests, we may hope, that Belgrade is beginning to see the advantages of the Benes policy of Balkan settlement.

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In connection with the South Pacific trade conference which is to be opened at Tokyo on September 11th, an official spokesman of the Japanese Government has made an important statement with regard to emigration policy. With the exception of one scheme of State-aided emigration to Brazil, the Japanese Government has never actively encouraged emigration to America or Australia, although it has frequently been drawn into controversy over the treatment accorded to Japanese emigrants. It now appears that the Government is prepared to go further and to discountenance, officially, emigration to countries where racial controversies, that may lead to international friction, are likely to be aroused; and will, at the same time, devote itself seriously to encouraging migration to Hokkaido (the northern island of Japan proper), Formosa, and other sparsely populated Japanese possessions. It may be taken for granted that the Japanese sphere of influence in Manchuria is included in the programme. There have, for some years past, been signs that this was the direction in which Japanese policy was moving, and it is clearly inspired by a genuine desire for peace, and a dignified acceptance of the American and Australian attitude towards Japanese immigration.

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The task which the Japanese Government has taken in hand is not an easy one. Despite the overcrowding of the main island, the intense conservatism of the Japanese peasant, and his attachment, in many instances, to the great landlords, has been a serious obstacle to a well-balanced scheme of emigration, and the territories now chosen as the main outlet for the surplus population present peculiar difficulties. Hokkaido is large, thinly inhabited, rich in forests and mineral resources, and suited to the production of beans, potatoes, and the sugar-beet. On the other hand, it has a comparatively cold climate, and it is generally assumed that any extensive scheme of colonization would involve largely increased imports of wool and meat. Manchuria has a similar climate, but has the advantage of large tracts of good grazing land, to support a home-grown meat supply. The real difficulty in both instances lies in the reluctance of the Japanese peasant to adapt himself to conditions demanding a change to cold weather clothing and diet. Formosa, warm and fertile, does not present these difficulties; but much of the island is at present waste land or primeval forest. The Japanese Government is thus faced with great, but not necessarily insuperable difficulties. Its efforts to overcome them should be watched with sympathy, as well as with interest, for they represent a real attempt to solve the Japanese population problem in a way that would remove, permanently, the chief threat to the peace of the Pacific.



There seems little doubt that the French and Italian Governments are conducting negotiations on the question of immigrants in Tunisia. It is a question that calls for regulation. French peasants and artisans are less ready than the Italian to leave their homes, and Italian mechanics, shop-keepers, and small-holders in Tunisia are roughly five times more numerous than the immigrants of any other nation. As the Italian population of Tunisia is hardworking and law-abiding, the colony has benefited greatly by their presence; but, unfortunately, Fascist politics have disturbed a situation that previously caused no one the slightest anxiety. Possibly at the instigation of the Government at Rome, and certainly with their goodwill, organizations have been founded both inside and outside Tunisia to discourage the Italian immigrants from becoming nationalized as French citizens. The French complain that the campaign has been most provocatively conducted, and have often been tempted to suppress it as a disturbance to the public welfare. The question had far better be adjusted by negotiation than by police measures; and if we could be certain that the discussions between Paris and Rome dealt solely with Tunisian immigration, we could follow them with sympathetic interest.

This, unfortunately, does not appear to be the case. The French, Italian, and Spanish Press are discussing Tunis, Tangier, and Morocco as though they were all aspects of one problem; and we very much fear that the diplomats at Paris, Rome, and Madrid may be doing the same. There is not the remotest connection between the administration of Tangier and the status of Italian immigrants in Tunis; and if the two are linked together, it must be for the purpose of diplomatic bargaining. The artificial connection between the two seems to have come about in this way: Spain's demand for Tangier synchronized with the Italo-Spanish treaty, and suggested that Rome would support the Spanish claim to a lion's share in the Tangier administration—nobody seriously imagines that Tangier will become a Spanish colony—if Madrid supported the Italian claim to be represented in a reconstituted administration. As this means the end of the Franco-Spanish entente, and the revival of Franco-Spanish rivalry, the French Government are evidently striving to settle the Tunisian problem in a way satisfactory to Italy, and so get a freer hand to oppose the new Spanish policy. The whole network of intrigue is a return to the worst form of pre-war Moroccan diplomacy.

For a day or two within the past week some hopes were entertained that a compromise might be reached between the Mexican Government and the Hierarchy, sufficient at any rate to admit negotiations and the ending of the boycott. But the hopes were speedily dispelled. There was a fairly cordial interview between a deputation of bishops and President Calles, at which, it is said, the prelates offered to be content with the regular means for amending the Constitution and the anti-Church laws. Nothing, however, came of this, for the President was seen to be immovable on the crucial question of the nationalization of Church property, and to be insistent that all priests returning to the churches must be subject to the laws. While the general absence of serious disorder in connection with the Church crisis is still noticeable, it is impossible at present to form any judgment as to the extent and results of the commercial boycott. The Church party is convinced that if it can be maintained for another month the Calles Government will be compelled to sue for terms with the Hierarchy. As was to be expected, the Episcopate is resolved to stand out against the resumption of services

in the churches, since any weakening on this matter would, of course, involve surrender on one of the central issues. Mexico, consequently, is still without a functioning clergy.

The Report of the Safeguarding Committee on Hosiery and Knitwear has now been issued. The applicants established their case under the Safeguarding Regulations to the satisfaction of the Committee on every count except the vital one of employment. They failed to convince the Committee of the need for protection, because the Ministry of Labour returns show that during the year 1925 the average percentage of unemployment in the industry was 8.4; while the figure for January to March, 1926, was only 4.5 per cent. The Committee also ascertained that during the years 1923 to 1925 the number of persons employed in the industry increased by over 3,000. This increase is attributed entirely to the development of the artificial silk trade. The change of fashion from cotton to artificial silk is bound, as the Committee justly observes, to affect the output and consumption of cotton hosiery. Fortunately, the machines employed are interchangeable; cotton and artificial silk can be knitted on the same machine by the same workers. In the circumstances, there is not even a plausible case for the protection of cotton stockings, and we are sorry that the Committee, while rejecting the demand for an import duty of 45 per cent., thought it necessary to leave a loophole for a further application if the importation of cotton hose continues to increase.

The DAILY HERALD has brought upon itself a terrific onslaught from Mr. H. G. Wells for venturing to criticize Mr. Bernard Shaw. This should provide an excellent theme for a cartoon by Max Beerbohm. A little research, however, reveals the astonishing fact that the DAILY HERALD is substantially in the right and Mr. Shaw ludicrously wrong. The facts are briefly as follows: On July 19th, Mr. Shaw told the readers of the FINANCIAL NEWS that "what has to be done" to save the franc is:—

"To raise by direct taxation (preferably) or by loan a sum sufficient to buy gold enough to enable the Chamber to pass an Act entitling every person presenting 105 f. in paper money at the Bank of France to receive across the counter 1 oz. of gold [i.e., a return to pre-war parity]. That is all."

On July 29th, in the same newspaper, Mr. Shaw elaborated his formula, and showed that he really thought it practicable and desirable to stabilize the franc at twenty-five to the pound. Incidentally, he remarked that:—

"By inflation our own Government, though honest compared to its most embarrassed neighbours, has practically repudiated half the War Loan, and by pure confiscation in the shape of income-tax and super-tax, repudiated the other half. . . ."

This it was which provoked the DAILY HERALD to treat Mr. Shaw's article as a hoax, and to write, with perhaps pardonable exaggeration:—

"What happened was, of course, the exact opposite. The British Government, by deflation, almost doubled the value of War Loan Stock."

Mr. Wells appears to have intervened mainly on the question of manners, but he gives no hint of consciousness that Mr. Shaw's position is utterly untenable. The price-level is lower to-day than it was when the greater part of the war debt was issued. But this is really a trifling matter compared with Mr. Shaw's encouragement of the French in their worst illusions.

## THE COAL PROSPECT NOW

FOR a long time past, the coal-owners have maintained that the strike would end speedily enough, if only busybodies like the Bishops would refrain from "butting-in." The developments of the past week make this view just plausible. The return to work in the Midlands is perhaps less significant than the appeals by which Mr. Cook is endeavouring to check it. He hints darkly that something portentous is about to happen:—

"We have got to make a move, and that move is taking place. Negotiations are not finished. There is someone else coming in. My officials are meeting on Tuesday, and we are not meeting for nothing."

This is the language that precedes defeat. Disillusionment is bound to follow when it becomes clear that no move is taking place that is likely to lead anywhere, that there are no negotiations and no likelihood of any. More and more miners will become disposed to return to work on the terms offered by the Midland owners, and it will soon become impossible to hold them back either by persuasion or intimidation. The miners' associations in the Midland counties will have to choose between formal district settlements comprising a longer working day, and the loss of their authority. Other districts will be affected by the example of the Midlands, and sooner or later the same choice will present itself there. As the process spreads, it will become more and more evident that no district can hope to retain the seven-hour day. The possibility of any national agreement will also become more remote. Thus on all the main points at issue, longer hours, district settlements, and varying terms in different districts, the owners seem likely—in the end—to get their way.

It is not easy now to see how this *dénouement* can be averted. Only the authoritative intervention of the Government could avert it, and, for the time being, at any rate, it is as certain as anything can be that the Government will not intervene. To the difficulties which have always stood in the way of a Conservative Government putting effective pressure on the owners, there is now added another—that such action would seem obviously likely to prolong the stoppage. Here are men actually going back to work; Mr. Cook is trying to stop them by hinting that a national agreement is imminent if they will only remain solid; clearly, if the Government was to lend colour to this suggestion, even to the extent of inviting the two parties to a new conference, it would take on itself the responsibility of delaying this return to work. Only a Government which was quite clear about its course, which knew what sort of a settlement it wanted and saw its way to securing it, would be willing to take this responsibility. Such action at this stage could not be expected of the present Government. Mr. Baldwin has cleared away any doubt by leaving for Aix-les-Bains. We do not blame him for this. As he does not mean to intervene, it is probably best that he should make this clear. By going to Aix he does this more effectively than he could by any public declaration, and he gets his needed holiday as well.

None the less, it will be well to examine the prospect a little more closely; for it is really not nearly so encouraging as many people seem to find it, even from the standpoint of securing the earliest possible return to work. The breakaway in the Midlands may develop fairly rapidly; but, after it is completed there, we shall not be surprised if a long interval elapses before a similar movement commences on a similar scale elsewhere. As the owners frequently point out, national bargaining about wages is of recent origin, and the history of the miners shows that they are perfectly capable of carrying on an extremely stubborn struggle in some districts, while others are at work. After all, the famous strike of 1893 was not a national stoppage. It did not extend to Wales or Scotland, or Northumberland and Durham. Yet it lasted over three months. It was eventually settled, as is widely remembered, by the mediation of Lord Rosebery, the story having become classical as an example of the powerful influence which a well-chosen dinner at a well-chosen moment can exert in reconciling differences which had seemed irreconcilable. What is not so well remembered is that the terms of that settlement were an immediate return to work on the pre-strike wages (although the owners had been asking for reductions of about 18 per cent.), these wages to be paid for rather more than two months, and the appointment of a conciliation board, with a neutral chairman with a casting vote, to determine the wages that should be paid subsequently. Not very unlike the "Bishops' scheme," we may note in passing. The point with which we are now concerned is that this was not a case of the miners being beaten, but of a settlement with the honours easy. When the miners are beaten, the established standard of duration is altogether longer. In 1898, the South Wales miners were out for twenty-five weeks. As long ago as 1844—a date which everyone will acquit on sight of lavishness in the matter of poor-relief—a coal strike in the North lasted for eighteen weeks. *Prolonged* coal strikes are, in short, no post-war peculiarity. The tradition of stubbornness is rooted very deep.

In the light of these facts, what grounds have we for assuming that, when the Midlands are out of the contest, the strike will speedily collapse everywhere? It is important to appreciate that the position in the Midlands is peculiar in several material respects. It is there (together with Kent) that we have new, rich, developing coalfields; and, in contrast to other districts, the economic outlook is still one of expansion and comparative prosperity. The owners, accordingly, have been able to offer terms which are not without attractions. For seven months the men are to receive the April wages for a seven and a half hour day; and the minimum wages to rule subsequently are slightly above those of the 1921 Agreement. An extra half-hour on the day is, from the men's standpoint, a very different proposition from an extra hour; seven months is a good long time; and, in view of the comparative prosperity of the area, the chance is a good one that the April wages would be maintained afterwards under the ordinary calculation of proceeds. Moreover, the great



objection to a longer day—that it is likely to result in greater unemployment—is not likely to operate to the detriment of the Midland miners. Their coalfields will go ahead in any case; indeed a longer day will tend in the direction of speeding up the process of shifting our coal production from the old areas to the new.

Thus the Midland miners have now the opportunity of going back to work on terms that are far from onerous, while on the other hand it is obviously unlikely that terms nearly as favourable could result from anything in the nature of a uniform national agreement. In effect, Mr. Cook is asking them to stay out, not in their own interests, but in those of other districts. In response to such appeals, men will make great sacrifices, but not the sacrifices of desperation.

But it seems most unlikely that the owners in the other districts will offer similarly tempting terms. There is no sign that a seven and a half hour day will content the owners in Scotland, or South Wales, or Northumberland and Durham. In these districts the men's conviction that a longer day will result in diminished employment is strong and well-founded, and the probability is high that the reduction in the minimum rates would prove the operative part of any wage arrangement. In these areas, moreover, the temper of the miners is always more militant than in the Midlands. The way the districts voted on the "Bishops' scheme" must not be overlooked. Frankly, it seems to us extremely improbable that anything like a general collapse will quickly follow an arrangement in the Midlands.

There is another consideration which it is well just now to bear in mind. The disorders accompanying this week's breakaway in the Midlands give us some idea—though only, we think, a faint one—of the hideous scenes we must expect if the business of beating the miners in detail is carried through. Mass intimidation approximating to organized violence, police protection and perhaps the calling-out of troops, collisions involving loss of life, "incidents" inflaming tempers and the inflamed tempers aggravating the incidents, crimes of violence and private retaliations, the growth of the spirit of the vendetta and the blood-feud—this is what we must reckon with in one district after another—and in South Wales they do these things more violently than in Derbyshire—if formal settlements are to be dispensed with. And this state of things may continue for a long time.

We think it timely to speculate on these contingencies; for, although it is clearly idle to expect the Government to intervene just now, a new situation may soon arise. Whatever Mr. Cook may mean by his mysterious words and movements of this week, it seems reasonable to expect that some fresh approach will shortly be made by the Miners' Executive, and a great deal will depend on the spirit in which this approach is met. It is evident from the reports of the abortive conference last week that the miners' leaders are prepared in fact for considerable concessions, but that they find it difficult to say so in so many words. Just as the Government is afraid of damping down the return to

work, if it lends itself to the suggestion that an early national settlement is likely, so Mr. Cook and his colleagues are afraid of stimulating it, if they make proposals which amount to a manifest retreat and which yet are likely to be scornfully rejected. With such tactical inhibitions affecting all parties, nothing much can be hoped for, as long as the position in the Midlands is as unstable as it is to-day.

But in a few weeks' time the position in the Midlands will be more clearly defined, and we shall be able to judge more accurately what it will mean to defeat the miners in detail by district breakaways. A new opportunity may then present itself to the Government, with all parties perhaps in rather a sobered mood, to effect an honourable settlement. But, if Ministers are to be free to seize that opportunity, they must be careful how they conduct themselves meanwhile. Let them beware of repudiating too emphatically the idea of Government intervention, for the sake of persuading the Midland miners that they have nothing to gain by remaining out.

At present, we see little that is hopeful in the situation; and we are not encouraged by the easy optimism with which the tendencies now at work are so widely regarded. As we see it, we are in danger of drifting into something analogous to guerilla warfare, which is notoriously the most horrible of all forms of warfare, and incidentally the most protracted. Never before in this country was the tendency so pronounced towards a sharp division of opinion along class lines; and, if the present drift continues, with every fresh collision between strikers and police the spirit of class-antagonism is bound to grow. Yet never was it more essential to consider the problems of the coal industry in an atmosphere free from class-antagonism. We are no longer in the nineteenth century. The world demand for coal has ceased to expand as it used to do. The miners' idea that reorganization might provide a rising standard of living for an increasing number of men, the owners' idea that by cutting costs enough they can bring back the old era of expanding exports are both illusions. We need, above all, to understand.

## THE QUESTIONNAIRE

THE questionnaire on religious belief issued with last week's NATION has attracted widespread interest. A large number of replies have already been received, and the questions drawn up in consultation with Mr. H. G. Wood, Mr. J. M. Robertson, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Augustine Birrell are giving rise to a great deal of discussion among our readers. In response to many requests we are inserting the questionnaire again in this issue of THE NATION, and we shall insert it for the third and last time next week, in order to allow three readers in each household the opportunity of replying. Nobody, of course, may complete more than one copy of the questionnaire, and if duplicates are sent they will be eliminated.

As we have already stated in previous issues, the names of all persons answering will be kept strictly confidential, but signatures are required as a guarantee of good faith. The results of the inquiry will be published in the form of aggregate figures of those answering "Yes" or "No" to each question.

## HOW THEY DO IT IN GREECE

**I**N the early hours of Sunday morning, General Pangalos, the Greek dictator, was violently expelled by a *coup d'état*. He was driven out by exactly the same methods that he himself employed a few months ago. During the dark hours the garrison of Athens, acting under the orders of General Kondylis, occupied the Government buildings, and some time after daybreak—Athens rises early—the population of the capital realized that the Government had changed hands. The Army and Navy did practically nothing to protect the dictator whom they had so recently placed in power. The commander of a destroyer tried to carry him to a place of safety; and the officer commanding the light forces of the Greek Navy seems at one time to have contemplated making a demonstration in favour of General Pangalos. He was evidently overruled by the other officers of the flotilla. These are the only known instances of loyalty to the dictator on the part of the armed forces of the State.

It would be useless to discuss all this as though it were an isolated event; and to disregard antecedents. Violent changes in modern Greece have been so frequent that they have positively to be arranged and classified to be understood. In 1842, the country was shaken by civil war; in 1862, the dynasty was expelled and a new one installed; and for the next ten years the new monarch and his Ministry ruled the country by the Police and Army. In 1875, Charilaos Trikoupes was suddenly taken out of prison to form a Government. The experiment was most successful; the released prisoner performed his task so skilfully that he was only permanently driven from office some twenty years later. During the interval he ruled by coercing his political opponents. At his death in 1896, the rule of the strong man was replaced by the rule of the strong committee. The *Ethniki Hetairea*, a military organization, forced the country into an unsuccessful war, and governed Greece through its political nominees, until, in 1910, it raised a Minister who broke away from its control. Their nominee, M. Venizelos, ruled with more respect for the Constitution than almost any of his successors; but it gained him no permanent popularity; for King Constantine expelled him in 1915, with the tacit consent of the Greek nation. It is true that the Greeks did not openly protest when M. Venizelos was restored to power by an Allied squadron in the Piræus; but by then they had suffered so much from our blockade that they were ready to accept a ruler whom they did not really want in return for fuel and provisions.

The reinstatement of Venizelos, and the enforced abdication of Constantine—whom the Allies bitterly reproached for violating the Constitution of Greece, in which they had not previously shown any conspicuous interest—brought in a new era of violent change and despotic rule. Hitherto changes had not been more frequent than in other Balkan States, and though every Government had been more or less despotic in method it had at least preserved the outward forms of civil policy. A new period was about to begin.

During his two years of absolute rule Constantine and his partisans had treated their opponents with the greatest ferocity. Venizelos returned to power intending that there should be no reprisals or retaliations; but he was quite unable to enforce his wishes. Royalist officers were shot, cashiered, and imprisoned by courts-martial which were little better than retaliatory committees; and those who had suffered pillage under the old régime strove to compensate themselves by inflicting it under the new. The incentives to gaining political power thus underwent a complete transformation. For a century political positions in Greece had

been sought for because they conferred prestige and patronage, and gave opportunities for acquiring a certain amount of wealth. Political positions now came to be looked upon solely as weapons for avenging injuries. As grievances and the desire to avenge them are rapidly created, this notion of making vengeance a primary political object made changes of opinion more rapid and emphatic. A few months after M. Venizelos had been solemnly acclaimed the saviour of his country by the Houses of Parliament and all the municipalities of old and new Greece; two-thirds of the nation turned against him and recalled his royal enemy. One of the less known reasons for this was that M. Venizelos had enforced a few elementary laws against cruelty to animals and so earned the undying hatred of the peasants, who beat their asses to death and pluck fowls alive. It will be remembered that he was compelled to leave the country soon after. Constantine was expelled with the same levity two years later, and his Ministers and generals shot by a firing squad. This was a sort of high-water mark in the new politics of the country, and General Pangalos was largely responsible for it.

When General Pangalos assumed power by a *coup d'état*, competent observers said that the Greek electorate had changed its mind so often that it ceased to have any opinions at all, and would be quite content to let the new dictator rule as he wished. This was substantially true; but the dictator made the mistake of assuming that because the nation as a whole had no objection to him, he would have no serious opposition to reckon with. It was a complete *non sequitur*. The Government party became simply that group of officials and officers who enjoyed the dictator's patronage: the opposition was made up of those who were unable to force themselves upon his notice or that of his entourage, and of the partisans of the Ministers and generals who had been shot, exiled, and dismissed during the last upheaval. This second party was necessarily larger than the first, and the dictator recklessly increased it by imposing fines and imprisonment when he should have distributed posts and emoluments. The garrison at Athens and the Fleet at the Piræus became little but discontented prætorians, and General Kondylis, originally one of the dictator's friends and collaborators, seized the capital when he thought the pulse of military discontent was beating at sufficient strength. The new revolution is as much a General Staff *coup d'état* as the last; but there is a considerable difference between the two leaders. General Kondylis is something of a traditionalist: he would like to go back to the pre-Venizelist régime, of combined rule by Parliament and General Staff. General Pangalos was a man with ideas upon the philosophy of absolutism; he was a constitution builder and an innovator.

Nobody can possibly make any prophecy upon the immediate political future in Greece. The old distinctions between Constantinists and Venizelists have been much transformed, and political divisions are now mainly based upon personal animosities—which may take almost any turn, and assume almost any shape: all that can be said for certain is that Greek Governments will have, henceforth, to keep the Army and Navy in a good temper if they wish to last. Possibly a Royalist and a Republican party may emerge from the present confusion, and ideas and principles may again appear on the forum of Greek politics and animate party strife; but of this there is little sign at present. One of the first acts of the new Government has been to announce that General Pangalos and his lieutenants would be tried on charges for which they may lose their lives. This, to the new rulers was evidently the important thing, the first constructive decision of the *coup d'état*. Vengeance and retaliation, it would seem, are still major objectives in the politics of Hellas.



## "WHO IS ON OUR SIDE, WHO?"

By G. LOWES DICKINSON.

**B**EHIND the main controversies of our time lies one, the greatest of all: Is the weapon to be, or not to be, force? The adherents of force, open and avowed, are the militarists, when we speak of international disputes, and the communists, when we speak of civil ones. Militarists do not believe in civil, nor communists in international war. But both believe in war. On the other side, opposed to both, are those who believe in peaceful decision, that decision to be accepted, right or wrong, approved or not approved, by the disputants. For worse than any evil that might follow from a wrong decision, is the evil that follows from war.

The distinction is clear. But those who see it clearly and take sides are not very numerous. Most men drift and wait, and then plunge blindly. This is probably true of many who give a general support to the League of Nations. For the Covenant of the League itself permits war. It pledges its members to attempt, first, a peaceable settlement. But if that is not attained by the methods laid down, then war becomes legal.

There are thus, so far as international war is concerned, two weak places in the campaign against it. One is lack of conviction in a great many people; the other is the gap in the Covenant. To both of these points Mr. Peat addresses himself in the pamphlet we are considering.\* He is a supporter of the League of Nations, as far as it goes. But he proposes that individuals shall take upon themselves a personal pledge which goes beyond the Covenant. The members of his organization (The "Arbitrate First" Bureau) sign the following declaration:—

"Believing that Law should take the place of war in the settlement of international disputes, and desiring to secure the sincere application of the principles of the League of Nations, I, the undersigned, pledge myself to do what I can to promote international understanding, and world disarmament, and to withhold support from any Government which refuses to submit the dispute to arbitration, or conciliation, or which refuses to accept the decision so given."

There are two points in this declaration. One is the personal obligation assumed. Members of the organization do not merely belong to it, and leave it at that. They bind themselves to active propaganda, and when the time comes to active individual action. They pledge themselves thus to be the leaven in the lump of the indifferent.

Further, while supporting the Covenant of the League, they pledge themselves also to something more. For the declaration they take comprises an undertaking to refuse support not only to any Government which breaks the Covenant by making war without first appealing to the League's machinery; but also to any Government which does not accept a decision given by the League, even though by the Covenant it is not bound to accept it, but prefers war, which, in the case supposed, would be legally permissible. The "Arbitrate First" Bureau closes for its signatories the "gap in the Covenant"; the right to private war under any circumstances.

On the other hand, the pledge is not one of non-resistance. It permits resistance to attack made: (1) in breach of the Covenant, that is, without having first had recourse to the League's machinery; (2) in defiance of the award or recommendation given after such recourse. This is a perfectly clear definition of "defence," and seems to cover all possible cases. The signatories accept the definition of aggression given in Article 10 of the 1924 Protocol,

and only to resist such aggression are they free to resort to restraining force. They would thus restrict the use of force to the defence of the commonly agreed rule. Those therefore who reprobate aggressive war, but are prepared to use force as it is used by the police in civil life, may take the pledge with a clear conscience. More than that, they will have improved their own position, for they will have said clearly what they mean by "aggression." They will know precisely where they are, and others will know too.

If Mr. Peat should succeed in his attempt to unite a large body of people personally pledged to refuse support to the use of force except as defined, he will have done much to create and strengthen the public opinion which Governments meaning peace require, and Governments meaning war fear. What will be wanted, when the next crisis comes, is a number of convinced individuals bound together to take a definite line. Such a body may save the great mass of people from being stampeded. British Governments are all supporters of the League. Does that mean that they support a policy on the lines of this pledge? And if they do now, will they ten, twenty, thirty years hence? The question is anything but academic; for the fight against war, so far from being finished, is hardly begun. Except in Italy, the militarists are mostly silent; but that does not mean that they are inactive. Quietly, behind the scenes, they are building up the armaments. Unostentatiously, but none the less effectively, they are resisting the League's attempts at disarmament. They are very powerful indeed, and they are entrenched in every War Office and Admiralty. They do not in the least fear the position of absolute non-resistance, because they are sure that it will never be generally adopted. As a military officer said to Mr. Peat: "So long as that is the issue we are safe."

"We are safe!" observe the paradoxical phrase. But if men who, while they do not believe in non-resistance, also do not believe in the use of force except to uphold law against aggression, if those men have the courage of their convictions, and come out with them here and now, the militarists will begin, for the first time, to be alarmed. When they are alarmed, the real struggle will begin. And those who want to be leaders in it, on the right side, will find no better opportunity than to join the "Arbitrate First" Bureau (address: 107, Ladbroke Road, W.11).

## ELIOT OF HARVARD

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

**T**HE first citizen of the country out of public office." Such was the brief and accurate tribute of an eminent American statesman to Dr. C. W. Eliot, for forty years President of Harvard University, who died on August 22nd, in his ninety-third year. His death removes the last of the great line of leaders in thought and public action contributed by the city of Boston to the service of the United States. An epoch ends with him: for if there is anything certain about contemporary America it is that, since the year 1909, when his long rule at Harvard was brought to a close, the ideas, the habits, and the aims of the American people have been carried, or driven, along courses with which the older national leaders could have had no sympathy—although, as a matter of fact, this magnificent old American was never overborne by them.

Charles William Eliot was a young professor of chemistry, thirty-five years old, when, in 1869, he was called to the headship of Harvard College. The reshaping and expansion of the stiff little New England institution

\* "Personal Service for Peace." By David A. Peat. Issued by the "Arbitrate First" Bureau, and published for them by The Southern Publishing Co., Ltd., Chichester, price 6d.

into one of the world's great universities was his work. A man of massive intelligence and character, with a physique that matched his mind and will, he began with a clear vision of the university he wanted to build, and he strode forward without self-questioning towards its realization. He had, of course, to fight his way. But opposition seemed the right and natural thing to him. In the literature of academic adventure there are few better things than the accounts given, in his letters to the historian Motley, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, at that time a member of the medical faculty, of Eliot's tactics and behaviour. He attended all the faculty meetings, displaying an astounding knowledge of the working of all departments—"this cool, grave young man, proposing in the calmest way to turn everything topsy-turvy." Eliot, however, was in no sense a revolutionary. Then and always he was a humanist, a believer in the old ideal of education, a devotee of the principle which in his old age he liked to define as Co-operative Discipline. This principle he insisted upon applying, with the resolute assurance that marked him at all stages, to the whole range of academic and civil life. At Harvard Dr. Eliot's schemes of reconstruction involved a thorough liberalizing of the curriculum and the full adoption of the elective method, by which the undergraduate in his freshman year was free, outside the minimum of obligatory subjects, to choose his own university course. In the American university of half a century ago that was a necessary reform, and in relation to it Dr. Eliot was the national pioneer. But as all qualified observers have agreed in recent years, the newer institutions have carried the elective method far beyond the limits that must seem imperative to educationists of Dr. Eliot's origins and intellectual rigour. For the rest, he was through all his years as President a tower of strength to those who resisted—latterly with a sense of inevitable defeat, even at Harvard—the tide of commercial specialisms in the American college; and he was the last uncompromising enemy of all-conquering athleticism. Inter-collegiate football, as now played in America, was for him not anything like a school of health or the virtues. It was a brutal sport, an only too effective training for "the consummate savagery called war."

Dr. Eliot was so conspicuous a member of that aristocracy of intelligence from which, at its best, the American diplomatic service has been recruited, that there is no surprise in the fact of his twice refusing the London Embassy. He was newly freed from Harvard when the first offer came. The second, had it been accepted from Woodrow Wilson, would have meant an Eliot instead of a Walter Page in 1914, with incalculable consequences to the world. It was not age, mainly, that led Dr. Eliot to decline; and in any case, who shall say that he was not well advised?

He was a man of extraordinary force, sincerity, and consistency, endowed with the Puritan graces at their finest; in mental build and spiritual quality a Victorian Liberal, tempered and broadened by an outlook of hope which suffered no decline that one could note in the long evening of his life. The mark even of physical old age did not come upon him until he was well past his ninetieth year. His last public addresses showed that the passage of time had done little to impair the measured eloquence that had made him a voice of America for sixty years. A speech from him was to the last an exercise in the most lucid statement and a straight appeal to the intelligence, altogether untouched by the tricks of political or evangelical oratory. In political thinking he underwent no change from his original individualism. Of the modern developments of trade-unionism he took a view that was not distinguishable from that of Herbert Spencer; but it was evidence of his downrightness and candour that the leaders of American

Labour never felt any enmity towards him. They knew him for a noble adversary, prepared to fight them on the intellectual ground, and ready to tell them at any moment precisely where he stood. In the sphere of religious thought it was in nowise different. Dr. Eliot was a complete modernist Liberal. He was well on in his ninth decade when there came from him a considered statement of his religious belief which, while sounding terrible to the Fundamentalists, revealed to present-day America that there was still one great old New Englander who had moved on from the forms of expression which had satisfied the founders of American modernism into a pure, serene, and still wider conception of the first and last things. "Americanism" in these later years has become a doctrine to which a vast suspicion is attached. But to hear Charles William Eliot expound the form and vision of that Americanism from which his family tradition drew, and upon which his own life had been based, was to be brought into the presence of an impressive idea and an ennobling faith.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

A GREAT deal of nonsense is being talked about the ill-fated peace effort of the Churches, and even by Liberals, whom one would expect to respond to its spirit. The facile abusers of the Bishops do not even get their facts right. The conciliators did not propose a subsidy; they did not propose anything. They invited offers from both sides on which negotiations could begin. The owners offered nothing but contemptuous refusal to budge; the miners climbed down amazingly from their stubborn negotiations. In the sense that the miners' changed attitude provided some slight ground for carrying on their campaign, the Bishops and Free Churchmen favoured the miners, but in no other. They are roughly told that they know nothing of economics and industry, and warned off the course. They never claimed to know much of either; their case is that they know something of the Christian spirit, and were innocent enough to suppose its application might be welcomed by a "Christian" community. They are suffering for their mistake, just as their predecessor Telemachus the monk suffered. To carry on this last reference: Mr. Baldwin, like the Emperor on his throne over the podium, turned his thumbs down and the crowd is doing the same, and the Bishop of Durham pelts the peacemakers with a stony quotation from St. Paul. But the cause of Telemachus was won, not lost. Doesn't everybody know that this cause of decent reasonable settlement by compromise must win over the brutal gladiatorial game in industry, if we are to survive?

\* \* \*

The pyrotechnic Mr. Cook and the inordinate space given to his displays in the papers have obscured for the public the personality of the much more important Mr. Herbert Smith. His is the master mind. Mr. Smith is a man whose obstinacy almost reaches the sublime, and is in fact the expression of a powerful character. Once filled with the lead of his delusions he is no more able to budge than Mark Twain's Jumping Frog. His dominance of the meetings of the Miners' Executive nearly amounts to a tyranny. In his presence the exuberant Mr. Cook is—according to report—comparatively silent. If you ask, as we all do in bewilderment, why the miners have stuck with fatal resolution to a hopeless policy, the answer is—Herbert Smith. In him the miners follow the embodiment of the dour steadfastness of Yorkshire—a man slow, impervious to ideas, intensely loyal to his own people. If you met Herbert Smith in London on a Cup Tie day there would be nothing to distinguish him from any other Yorkshire paterfamilias in



cap and scarf. He has a contempt for politicians, not excluding Labour politicians. In his collisions with Ministers, who for him embody all the vices of the breed, he is on his guard and says as little as he can, though he can use language to conceal meaning with the best. There is a story, which may be true, of such a meeting with Mr. Asquith in the old days. Mr. Asquith is said to have addressed him for half an hour with elaborate Ciceronian rotundity. At the end of it Mr. Smith said one word—"No." Mr. Asquith made another speech. Mr. Smith said "No" again.

\* \* \*

As I go about London in this slack season, which is given over happily to tourists and cricket, I marvel like everyone else that the coal stoppage interferes so little with life. Newspaper readers are sick of the subject and care much more about Jack Hobbs than they do about Mr. Cook, whose performances are more calculable. All expectations have been upset. No one would have believed that in the seventeenth week of a stoppage we should be able to travel as usual, and should not even be rationed for coke and gas. Before it began a manufacturer would have laughed if told that after sixteen weeks we should be running the industries somehow on old stocks and foreign coal. Of course, there was nine months' warning, and it was fully used in making accumulations, and in arranging ahead for getting coal from abroad. It is bad coal, but it is better than nothing. (By the way, I have always wondered why it is that the fossilized carboniferous forests of Britain some ten million years old burn better than the forests of Belgium or Poland. Perhaps the geologists know.) I come back to the marvel of the fact that for the purposes of ordinary life in London the coal stoppage matters less than a local bus strike. Unemployment is actually slightly less, and the export trades show a slight revival. Can it be that coal is less "basic" nowadays than everyone used to say? Is the indifference simply due to the incurable frivolity of London divorced from industrial realities?

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I doubt whether Mr. Churchill will succeed in carrying through this ill-judged scheme of his for making money by private advertising on envelopes. It has been cunningly introduced in the holiday season, when it is very difficult to work up an effective campaign of protest. The big advertisers, on whose goodwill the thing depends, will have none of it. The prospect of the circulars of Messrs. A. being delivered marked with advertisements of the wares of Messrs. B. is something that outrages Messrs. A. in their most sensitive feelings. It is astonishing that the Treasury and the Post Office have not between them the sense to see that it won't do. The legal aspect is doubtful, and there is likely to be a crop of vexatious test cases. If I buy an envelope and buy a stamp, both are my property, and the Government has no right to use them as an advertising medium. The Post Office is simply responsible for their transport and delivery. Such is the simple argument which the clever scrapers of revenue seem to have overlooked. I object myself even to the postmark advertising of so-called national stunts—such as the idiotic "Buy British Goods." But the farce becomes an indecency when one's private letters are to be defaced by advertisements of somebody's backache pills or "super-corsets." Vulgarization by advertisement has gone pretty far in this country. Surely they can leave our letters alone.

\* \* \*

I was amused to see that Mr. Wells, forgetting old scores with unusual thoroughness, has rushed into the fray on behalf of the absent Mr. Shaw. His belabouring of Mr. Hamilton Fyfe in the *DAILY HERALD* is in the fine old-fashioned Eatanswill style. As a controversialist Mr. Wells

is, and always has been, a bruiser. Bad temper makes for liveliness, and Mr. Wells is bad-tempered and lively. His own "wad of mud" is much the largest, and makes the biggest splash. "I am simply," he winds up his last letter, "commenting on your ungracious manners, your mental dullness, your tricky irrelevance, and your ingratitude to Shaw." "Simply" is good. The feeble Mr. Toots in Dickens hired a hero named The Game Chicken to do his fighting for him. Mr. Wells seems to fancy himself in the part of the Game Chicken to Mr. Shaw's Toots. But the weakness of the analogy is that there is no one in the world less like Mr. Toots than is Mr. Shaw. He can do his own sparring without assistance, thank you. Fierce as he is, he usually shows more regard for the conventions of the controversial ring than his champion has done in this instance.

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While Madame Tussauds is closed there is, I think, no doubt about the London "sight" with the greatest popularity for foreigners. It is Westminster Abbey. I went there some days since to see the interesting work that has been done in restoring the mediæval colouring so long hidden under whitewash and grime. I found myself caught in a vast slow-moving procession, chiefly of Americans. The intense American interest in royalty comes out naively in the Abbey. The biggest crowds gather round the sanctuary, as the place where the Royal people are married, and round the Royal tombs. The guides who tow the solemn and impressed visitors about waste little time on minor attractions. I'm afraid I belong to the party that would like to clear the Abbey of its monuments, all except a few of the really beautiful and congruous ancient ones. The pale population of statesmen and nonentities, frozen in gestures, is a positive hindrance to seeing the Abbey at all; it dwarfs and distorts the splendid soaring lines. The way to enjoy the Abbey is resolutely to overlook them—in the literal sense. I am, it is true, rather more reconciled to the tombs now that the patient labour of the experts has spring-cleaned them into a semblance of their old glory of colour. The delight in colour in everyday surroundings—the church was then a thing of everyday—is a joy which the mediæval man had and which we have lost. The Abbey and every church then blazed with colour like a precious reliquary. The Puritans unhappily succeeded in imposing their own starvation of the sense upon us all. Now in the Abbey small revelations of colour are coming out again everywhere to delight us on wall and tomb:—

"Look now where Colour, the soul's bridegroom, makes  
the house of heaven splendid for the bride."

\* \* \*

Looking down from the Spaniards Road at Hampstead, I was astonished at the revelation of a new London that has followed from the wiping away of our pall of smoke. The outlines of the picture were as sharp and clear as in an eighteenth-century print. The dome of St. Paul's, no longer a dim vision, hung there, bold and magnificent, tipped, even, with the gleam of its new gold. As one goes about the streets in these days, especially if it is a clean evening after rain, it is easy to fancy oneself living in the pre-industrial age. The street vistas, and notably the outlines of roofs and chimneys, are full of unfamiliar lines and colours. And note the curious nearness of all the towers and spires, the wonderfulness, milky whiteness of Wren's steeples, no longer spectral, but close and satisfying. It is curious how completely even now the spirit of Wren dominates the city. I took a motor-boat trip from Westminster to the Pool some days ago, and enjoyed a view of London piled up the river bank, which was new in my experience, and I have been looking at it for a generation. In that wild jumble of architectural styles it was the Wren spires that gave a soul to the scene; the bridal cake of

St. Bride's, the airy fantasy of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, the flame-topped Monument. How gallantly they answered the brutal challenge of the new age in the swaggering bulk of Bush House and the glorified warehouse at London Bridge. But for the Coal Strike one's impressions of these things would be a blur. The blot on the restored picture of London is the disgusting mess made here and there in the sky by the foreign coal-smoke, which is of a blackness never before seen in England. It pours out of the furnaces in Central London, waning and waxing through the day, the vile symbol of our industrial disaster. Our coal produces no such fumes, though they are familiar in almost every other region, on the Seine and Vistula, in Normandy, Ohio or Virginia.

There is a good subject waiting for some ironist in the contrast between the real and the screen life and personality of the film star. The star becomes the slave of the type he or she has fixed for public adoration, and it may be even comically alien to the real character of the artist. So it was, they say, with poor Rudolph Valentino. This young man had the dubious fortune to be worshipped, in his screen or shadow life, as the type of romantic manhood, beautiful, brave, impossible. Women all over the world fed their pathetically starved sense of romance with his image. The real Valentino, as revealed during his visit to London, was a rather dour and silent young man, chiefly interested in clothes and getting on. There was about as much romance to be discerned in him as in a Sunday School superintendent! His reputation as a woman's idol—what the Americans call "a powder-puff pet"—annoyed him. He was a hard worker and a determined "careerist." Valentino was a good actor in a minor way, and was ambitious to do sound artistic work. It was not his fault if his handsome mobile face and dancer's ease of movement made him the centre of a sickly cult that was not concerned with the artist at all.

"A huge birch tree was uprooted on Saturday on the Llanfairtalhaiarn-Llangerniew Road making it necessary for the traffic to be diverted." Was it the tree or the place-name that held up the traffic?

KAPPA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### THE RHINELAND AND GENEVA

SIR,—In a recent article ("The Rhineland and Locarno," issue of June 26th) one of your contributors drew attention to the Rhineland Occupation as a factor in the international situation. It is doubtful whether in the interval which has elapsed any appreciable headway has been made by the public towards a recognition of just *how much* the Rhineland matters.

During the conversations at Locarno verbal assurances were given to the German Ministers that co-operation by Germany in a policy of reconciliation—which means for her renunciation of the will to revision of the treaties by *force*—would have as the first of many refreshing fruits fundamental alleviations of the Rhineland Occupation. This assurance was not, however, given in the form of a written protocol (a precedent could have been found in the document concerning the Rhineland appended, after the Dawes settlement in 1924, to the London Agreement). All the Germans brought away with them was a "gentlemen's agreement." This has quite certainly not been adequately honoured. The French themselves admit as much in their belated attempt to meet German complaints by the promise of a reduction by next Christmas (!) of the French Army by 6,000 men; a figure so grotesquely small that (*pace* the TIMES) it is an insult to the Germans to offer it. The lack of a written pledge now places the German Government in a very invidious position, *vis-à-vis* its critics at home: and these are by no means

confined to the extreme Right. There is a widespread scepticism—in view of the experience of the last year—in regard to the whole value of Locarno, and with Locarno of the pacific philosophy of which both it and the League are supposed to be expressions.

Your contributor in the article referred to rightly emphasized the crucial importance of the housing question, though mainly from the material point of view. Its psychological implications are almost more serious. An illustration will serve to "point the moral and adorn the tale." In every German populous centre there is a housing shortage. Commandeering of premises by the French reduces what is left for the civil population in a way that is immediately felt. A solution of the difficulty has been sought in a number of cases by the formation of small "Building Co-operatives"—i.e., groups of ten or a dozen householders who band themselves together for the express purpose of building a dwelling *for their own personal use*, and as a substitute for the house room which the Occupation authorities have taken from them. The State in suitable cases grants credit for the purpose. Even then the householder is not sure of reaping the reward of patience and enterprise. The building is erected; but before he and his fellow-co-operators can enter and take possession it is *again commandeered by the French*. What wonder that of late "Nationalist" demonstrations in the Occupied Territories have increased! Would not any population so provoked occasionally—and justifiably—"see red"?

In other ways, too, the population has in recent weeks been led increasingly to believe that Locarno was a sheer swindle. True, immediately after Locarno things improved for a time; a more reasonable temper inspired the Military Courts, and the Ordinances of the Rhineland Commission, though not revised to the extent promised, remained in a considerable degree in abeyance. Now, however, there seems to be a revival of the old bad temper: a stiffening of the Courts' attitude in regard to purely trivial offences, and a return to a rigid enforcement of the regulations prohibiting all manifestations of German patriotic sentiment such as the singing of the German National Anthem, the flying of flags, and so forth.

A specially sore point is the treatment meted out to the little Palatinate town of Germersheim. To go into details would take too long. It is sufficient to say that the officers of the French regiment in occupation appear to have been for some time past deliberately egging their men on to an offensive and bullying attitude, which came to a head in a scandalous attack on an "Old Comrades" (i.e., old soldiers) gathering, come together with due permission, from all parts of the Palatinate to take part in a reunion festival. So gross was the behaviour of the French troops that their commander was constrained to offer his apologies in person to the German burgomaster with the request that he would keep the occurrences out of the papers. (A detailed account may be read in an article by a French deputy in the Paris *ERE NOUVELLE*, August 11th, 1926, No. 3199.) The same town has also been economically victimized in a degree which is regarded throughout the province as an outrage. For centuries it has depended for its livelihood on satisfying the needs of a permanent garrison. This source of income the Treaty of Versailles, by its demilitarization clauses, has cut away. The town accordingly sought to build up an alternative livelihood as a river port and hotel centre. For this purpose a certain site along the river is essential. But this the Occupation authorities have requisitioned, and though they *never use* it themselves, they flatly refuse to return it for civilian use. It lies derelict, a no-man's land; and no representations have availed to free it. The repercussions of these occurrences are felt far beyond the confines of the individual town. They poison the international atmosphere in a degree of which opinion in this country is entirely unaware. Yet as joint Occupying Power we are not without our measure of responsibility.

Facts such as those described are held by the German population to be a standing negation of the gospel of international goodwill which Locarno was supposed to herald. They regard them as betokening in the authorities responsible either an almost imbecile obtuseness or a deliberate will to wreck the peace policy associated with the names of Stresemann and Briand; and not unnaturally the more



sinister interpretation is the one which finds the widest credence.

Viewing the Rhineland situation in combination with the other untoward European symptoms on which you yourself comment in a leader in your last issue, and with the quite diabolical sabotaging by M. Poincaré of the friendly arrangement between Germany and Belgium for the return to Germany of Eupen and Malmédy, one is inclined to ask: Are the German pessimists right? Have the malignant forces which will see Europe perish rather than amicably revise a single comma of the Versailles Treaty definitely gained the upper hand? And are we on the verge of a new era of catastrophe, with a fiasco at Geneva as its opening act? The handling of the Rhineland question in the period immediately ahead may well give the clue to the answer. I enclose my card.—Yours, &c.,

"EUROPEAN."

### MINERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN

SIR,—I am surprised that you have published without comment Dr. Marion Phillips's letter in your issue of Saturday. When the first appeal of the Women's Committee was issued I wrote to Lady Slessor that it seemed to me unreasonable to ask people who thought the miners chiefly responsible for the present deadlock (as I do) to contribute to the maintenance of their families when plenty of work was available for them at better wages than the standard rates in many other industries. It is amazing to me that able-bodied men should be willing to stand idly by and see their dependants suffering privation. Dr. Phillips tells of one who never felt so like giving in as he did when he heard that the baby was dead. It is difficult to account for the mentality of such a man. She also says, "yet the spirit of the women as well as of the men does not break," approving apparently of the spirit which, not satisfied with better wages than hundreds of thousands of the workers in other trades would be only too glad to receive, demands that the country should be taxed in order that the miners may again be subsidized. This preposterous claim is crystallized by the I.L.P. into a demand "for a living income *based not upon what industry will stand, but upon the needs of a tolerable civilized life.*" The public are apt to forget that the net proceeds of the coal-mining industry are allocated 87 per cent. to wages and only 13 per cent. to capital. If there were, as there ought to be, harmonious working between employers and employed, the proceeds for division might be greatly increased, and the 87 per cent. would represent correspondingly higher wages.

Readers of THE NATION are accustomed to look to it for sound political philosophy on such questions. I hope it will be forthcoming in an early issue. I suggest as a text, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*," and reference might be made to the statement made by Mr. Winston Churchill at Swansea on the 21st: "There is no truth whatever in these starvation tales"—based, he said, on a report he had just received from the Ministry of Health in the following terms:—

"There has, up to the present, been no authenticated case of serious distress due to lack of food, although individual instances have been brought forward. Investigation in each case hitherto has proved that the facts have been incorrectly stated. Every suggestion of privation that has reached inspectors of the Ministry of Health has been made the subject of inquiry, and no suggestion has been found to be well grounded."

I pointed out to Lady Slessor that with half a century's experience of the export coal trade I was satisfied that its recent stagnant state was largely due to the unwillingness of foreign consumers of coal to risk buying from Great Britain owing to the uncertainty of getting delivery on account of perpetual threats of stoppages and actual strikes.—Yours, &c.,

August 23rd, 1926.

D. M. STEVENSON.

### ON THE RELIGIOUS QUESTIONNAIRE

SIR,—There have been religious questionnaires before now. One of them, if I remember rightly, took into account the sex, profession, and relative eminence of the answerers,

and the result, we were told, was that the cleverer men are the less likely are they to believe in either God or Immortality. But one can hardly suppose that God or Immortality can turn upon the number of votes given one way or another by a relatively trifling number of the world's inhabitants; and it will be interesting to see, not the results of your questionnaire, but what will be deduced from them. In the meanwhile, would it not have been helpful if in Question 1 you defined a "personal" God? The feeling of a personal *relationship* between a man and some superhuman power is more fundamental for the scientific study of religion than the question whether such a power is *personal* in the sense that mortals are. It would, I think, have been more helpful if we were asked whether we believed in any superhuman power, and how far such a power coincided with the "God" of the Churches. Questions 1 and 2 do not exclude each other; but in No. 14 are we to understand by "Nature," the "Nature" of a Wordsworth or that of physical science? And if the concept of "Nature" is formed by the exclusion of all human traits and elements, could it be other than "indifferent"—to use your grossly anthropopathic term? Would it not be more pertinent to ask whether men believe that their ideals and the processes of "Nature" (in any sense of the word) are in harmony or admit of being harmonized? With this is linked Question 3—for what is Matter? Are we to understand "matter" in a gross physical sense, or electrons, or the subject-matter of the sciences, and if so, of *all* the sciences (*e.g.*, psychology)?

Do men believe in personal immortality (Question 4)? Do you mean the belief that in some future state we shall be aware that we once had an earthly existence, and that this awareness will be eternal—or what continuity do you imply? In Question 5, is the divinity of Jesus Christ understood as something *qualitatively* different from that of men of great spiritual genius in Christianity or other religions (*e.g.*, Buddha); and does the emphasis on "living men" imply that the dead, of whatever religion, may be in a sense what we call "divine"? There appears to be the same ambiguity when in Question 12 the inspiration of the Bible ignores questions of degree or quality of inspiration, and the vastly different types of literature in the Bible itself. In other words, from the simple answer "Yes" or "No," it will surely be impossible to tell what these questions meant to the answerer. Similarly in Question 11, those who accept the first chapter of Genesis as "historical" will not necessarily attach precisely the same meaning to the crucial word; and of those who believe in transubstantiation (Question 13) how many will have a definite conception of "substance"? Again we are not told if the regular voluntary attendance at a religious service may refer solely to funerals, or whether irregular voluntary attendance at any service justifies an affirmative or negative response to the question. It is to be expected that as regards Question 6 most men will tend to believe each in his own form of Christianity (or perhaps rather in its potentiality), while No. 7, which requires us to believe or disbelieve the Apostles' Creed *en bloc*, leaves out of consideration the symbolical interpretation of certain clauses honestly accepted by some, honestly denied by others.

In fine, it will be extremely interesting to see what could be inferred from the answers to these questions; the obscurity and ambiguity of which may prove far more beneficial in stimulating thought than in throwing statistical light upon contemporary religion.—Yours, &c.,

STANLEY COOK.

26, Lensfield Road, Cambridge.

August 21st, 1926.

[We recognize, of course, that varying shades of meaning can be put upon many of the questions. None the less, we venture to hope that most of our readers, taking account of the common usage of the terms employed, will find them reasonably precise. In any case, we trust that those who cannot make up their minds how to answer *some* of the questions will at least answer the remainder.

We hesitate to give a detailed reply to our correspondent's queries, because ambiguity and obscurity could be attributed as easily to any interpretation as to the questions themselves.—ED., NATION.]

## ECONOMIC HISTORY

SIR,—We should be grateful if you will allow us to call the attention of any of your readers who are interested in Economic History to the fact that an Economic History Society has recently been established, which, in addition to other activities, will publish an Economic History Review.

The President of the Society is Sir William Ashley; the Vice-Presidents, Professor W. R. Scott (Glasgow) and Professor E. F. Gay (Harvard), and the Hon. Secretaries, Miss E. Power, 20, Mecklenburgh Square, London, W.C.1, and Dr. Tickner, Coopers Company School, Tredegar Square, London, E. The Review, which will appear, to begin with, once a year, will be edited by Mr. E. Lipson (Oxford) and Mr. R. H. Tawney (London), and will have the advantage of the co-operation of distinguished foreign scholars, including Professor Gras (U.S.A.), Professor Pirenne (Belgium), Professor See (France), Professor Arias (Italy), Professor Brodnitz (Germany), and Professor Kosminsky (Russia).

Membership of the Society will be open to all persons interested in Economic History on payment of an annual subscription of 10s. 6d., and will carry with it the right to

receive a copy of the Review annually post free. Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. A. White, 43, Dora Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.—We are, etc.,

EILEEN POWER,  
F. W. TICKNER,  
Hon. Secretaries.

August 19th, 1926.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE  
PRODIGAL SON

SIR,—Kappa's clever epigram on the differing welcomes accorded to the Prodigal Son and to Mr. Lloyd George would have been more to the point if there had been any similarity in the attitude of the two returning wanderers, and if in the latter case there had been any echo of the spirit of the words, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee and am no more worthy to be called thy son."—Yours, &c.,

W. S. R.

Scarborough.

August 14th, 1926.

## MOSQUITOES

By ROGER FRY.

IF I were a totemist and could choose my totem—a condition of things which is, I suppose, anthropologically impossible—I would choose the Mosquito for my totem, not indeed from any love I bear him, but because, in life's battle, I should like to have on my side a being of such vast intellectual power and such complete moral unscrupulousness. I do not know where and how he finds room for such a brain in such a body, but in those long silent battles which we wage against each other in the small hours of the morning I have come to realize how transcendent it is. Here am I, not only with this human brain, which is supposed by biologists to be almost hypertrophied, but with all the resources of our traditional science to back me up. I can take him unawares by switching on the electric light at a moment's notice with a button under my pillow. I have my net to keep him off and to deliver him up to my vengeance if he gets in. I have all the piled up knowledge of chemistry at my disposal to make life a burden to him and my flesh unsavoury. I have my own skill, perfected by long years of practice, which tells me best how to track and catch him, and yet, and yet, hardly a night passes without his scoring one or two points on my tender skin. My admiration of him grows with my hatred. I realize how great my respect for my terrible enemy is when by chance a common house fly happens on to the scene of the struggle. It is too contemptible for me even to kill it. It is pitiful to think of so lowly organized, so ill-equipped, so essentially stupid a creature blundering into this battle of the giants—one drives it away with a kind of pitying contempt in which, I am convinced, the mosquito shares.

I try to keep on distant terms with the animal kingdom. I can, if necessary, be polite to other people's dogs, but I prefer that our intercourse should be governed by the rules of social decorum. To possess a dog is to let it get below these convenient barriers to a real moral relationship, and that complicates life too much for my taste.

With cats I can be a little freer, trusting, not always successfully, however, to their instinct for independence and the agreeable superficiality of their affections. As for the larger mammals, they present no difficulty, they take their place without protest as part of the landscape. But the mosquito, and the mosquito alone, gets behind all my de-

fences; he insists successfully on intimacy, and by the intimacy of hatred which he establishes brings to nought all the careful edifice of my philosophy. For, on purely Epicurean grounds, I object to ever experiencing the emotion of hatred. It is a feeling which disagrees with me. On that, and on every ground, I object even more strongly to the ridiculous emotion of the desire for vengeance, and yet—I record it to my shame—I will put myself to considerable inconvenience to kill quite wantonly and uselessly any mosquito. He makes me belie my Epicurean faith, he reduces me to the mentality of primitive man or to that of the writers and readers of the Yellow Press. In face of a mosquito inside my net I become like the MORNING POST in face of a Bolshevik in the British Empire. I know to the full what hatred and, all too rarely, what vengeance mean. I also learn—and this is equally obnoxious to my philosophy—what respect means, and that the most illogical respect, respect for an enemy, respect compounded of hatred, fear, and admiration.

But that is not all. He reveals deeper depths within me. For every one mosquito that gets into my net—and goodness knows how, when every mesh has been examined and every hole caulked—for every one who, in defiance of all the laws of nature and probability, gets in, I see, when his pæan of triumph over the inflicted sting wakes me and I switch on the light, twenty or thirty of his fellows sitting waiting on the netting just above me. In the intervals of the ensuing battle, while I am merely lying in wait for my mosquito to appear again from some undiscoverable hiding place, I watch these expectant outsiders, and I succumb to their beauty. What an exquisitely built creature it is, how perfect in proportion, how delicate in adjustment, how nice in adaptation. How well its long keel of a body is slung on those six elastic, cantilever legs of his or hers—for, now I come to think of it, it must be hers, because she makes me understand the mediæval idea of woman. I don't really know whether the legs are like cantilevers, being rather vague about these engineering terms, but these six legs have to my mind the special beauty of a fine piece of engineering. Even an ignorant outsider does get now and then before a piece of engineering a dim sense of the nice economy of construction, of the perfect adaptation of



all the parts, a sense of the necessary and the inevitable which we may call beautiful, and it is just that beauty of an engineer's masterpiece that my mosquito reveals to me. Then the long spindle-shaped body, so well proportioned to its legs, leads in unbroken curves to the lean prow of a head, and yet all these curves await some completing touch, some crowning motive, and they find it, alas, all too surely, all too perfectly, in the deadly proboscis. There is the *clou* of the whole design, the finishing touch to this diabolical masterpiece.

There she sits apparently half asleep, but at the slightest movement of my hand the six springs shoot her into the air with incredible velocity, and she and her fellows begin their mazy dance, tracing their filmy arabesques in the air to the faint music of their wings. The dance has an uncanny elegance and grace, the music a faint fairy charm quite distinct from the sharp ping of insolent triumph which she utters after she has sucked her fill of blood. It is the wanton malignity of that cry that proclaims her devilish origin. And so, all against my will, in opposition to all my dearest principles, I find myself accepting the mediæval idea of beauty as something essentially Satanic, the Devil's supreme gift to lure men's souls to destruction. A hateful theory, but one suited to these painful circumstances, since, at last, when I do catch my special mosquito between two folds of the netting I can take a savage and at the same time a holy joy in squashing its beauty into an ugly mess whence oozes a great drop of my own blood! But even this joy does not conceal from me the fact that she has scored all the same, first in taking that drop of blood from me, then in leaving her poison in my veins and reducing me at three in the morning to a condition of hopeless wakefulness upon my disordered bed, and most surely of all in having revealed to me the depths of my own depravity. Ah, who will teach me the magic words of initiation by which I may make her my totem and my ally?

## ON THE STOEP

"I SHALL send you a copy from England," said the gentleman who was staying with the Traffords.

"Thank you very much," said Queenie, the eldest Trafford daughter, stolidly, looking straight out in front of her, over the stone balustrade of the stoep. She wore an ugly blue tunic with white sleeves, her sturdy legs were encased in thick stockings; except for her bust, more developed than in most English girls of sixteen, she might have come out of a London High School. The newly risen wind lifted the top and side pieces of her yellow hair, and ruffled the pepper-trees in front of the house.

"Will this wind bring the rain?" asked the visitor in his charming voice. He was sitting astride the balustrade, smoking. He constantly appealed to Queenie for information about weather, farming, the habits and customs of Afrianders, anything on which his mind lit for a moment. He seemed to think that, as she knew none of the things he knew, she must know all the things he did not.

A dust-devil spiralled up in front of their faces, between the balustrade and the pepper-trees.

"There might be a few drops," said Queenie. She was longing for him to talk again, but she had no way of making him; she just stood, patient and stolid, hoping it would happen. There was only half an hour until dinner-time. After dinner he would sit with her parents, while she did her home-lessons under the lamp at the dining-room table, and to-morrow he was going away. He had finished his cigarette, and swung his leg over the balustrade on to the stoep. She was quite cold with the fear that he would

go away and waste the half-hour. She did not dare to move, but with every bit of her body she willed him to stay.

He leant against the stone column of the porch, looking out. It was dark, the sky was full of stars. Every now and then one of them opened a wing and flew down the sky. Sometimes, very rarely, the eye followed it to its new station, but usually it disappeared altogether as if it had flown clean out of space. One quarter of the sky, behind the kopje, shone with a strong white light. It was supposed to come from the diamond mines far away in the distance. The monotonous stamp, stamp, stamping noise they heard at nights had the same origin. From the pepper-trees to the kopje stretched miles and miles of darkness. Some people prefer the veld, æsthetically, when the grass is golden and burnt up, before the rain comes. Now, nothing of it could be seen, except its monotonous extent. When the visitor first came, Mr. Trafford asked him how many miles they were from the kopje. He guessed one and a half. It was nearer six. So much flat land is like the sea, it diminishes distance.

"I like it best this way," he said.

Queenie relaxed her tension. He was going to talk again. He treated words in a quite new way. Even when he talked fast, the wide sounds expanded and the narrow sounds cut, and his voice went up and down, and had lights and shades in it to express his fancy, instead of running straight on in a sulky stream of clipped stubby-toed English as hers did, and her father's and mother's. Even if he had never said anything except yes and no and thank-you, it would have been joy to listen to him.

"The dark, you see," he went on, "is the same everywhere. It seems darker here, because there are no lights, and it comes on with a swoop, and the shooting stars—there, there's another, the sixth since we came out—the shooting stars are certainly surprising. But it is all right. There is a lighted room behind us, and we'll go there presently, and find precisely the same entertainment as we should get anywhere else. A light, and the blinds drawn, and food on the table, and people gathering round and eating and talking, quite human and safe. But in the daytime, watching the sun turn round and round that kopje, and changing the colours on those miles of grass—no, it seems as if we were being forced to watch a horrible, meaningless drama, so full of vitality it sucks ours all away and leaves us without even the sacred human right to comment and criticize." He smiled. "You, of course, don't feel anything like that. Incredible as it is to me, this is your home. Tell me how it seems to you."

Queenie hesitated.

"It will be prettier when the peach-blossom comes out," she said at last.

The visitor made a movement with his hand, impatient, but gentle. "No, no," he said, "tell me what it feels like to be growing up here. It must be extraordinary."

Queenie dropped her eyes from the kopje to the space of ground between the pepper-trees and the stoep. The dusty patch of earth was littered with small objects, mud oxen, a wooden cart, a doll's bath for a dipping tank, all the essentials for the eternal game of farms. Her little sister, Chris, had left them when she was tugged off, screaming, to bed, an hour ago. Queenie's heart beat hard while she stood in silence staring at Chris's oxen. Thought and feeling were the same thing to her, and she had never tried to express anything abstract in words. Nor was she endeavouring to do so now. Her mind was struggling, not to formulate an accurate answer to the visitor's question, but to guess what she could say to please him. She had made mistakes before. When he lent her the play, for instance.

"Did you like it?" he had asked.

"Yes," she said.

"A great many people in England hate the man who wrote it tremendously," he told her.

"Are there people in England cleverer than him," she asked. She could believe anything about England. The visitor laughed.

"Not many," he said. "They hate him because he is so clever."

She was amazed.

"He makes fun of them," he explained, "and they can't bear it. I expect you did not quite understand how devastating his fun is?"

"No," she said, and he, smiling and shrugging at himself and her, packed his book away and felt suddenly homesick for London. She had been stupid, she realized, but she had so loved the play. Her body seemed to grow light and graceful as she read it, and not only for the two hours of reading but for days, she had brooded over that light world full of coming and going and lovely voices speaking the way the visitor spoke. And all the time, it seemed, she had missed the point he wanted her to see. She would never hit on the right thing to please him now. She shook her head.

"I suppose it is the same here as anywhere else," she said at last, "but if you only know one place, you can't say."

"If it is the same here as anywhere else, it can't be very nice, I'm afraid. Odious period!" It amused him to talk like this to the stodgy little girl; it was funny to pretend the doubts and illusions and torments of his own highly sensitive adolescence could be comprehended by her. "One is tossed about like a straw, and frightened, horribly frightened, all the time. Truth and lies and love and hate and the ghastly knowledge of cruelty all forced on one at the same time, all unexplained, torturing. Turn away your head, tell yourself a lie, be kind to yourself, and you're done, for ever and ever, happy and bright to a good old age perhaps, but as dead and stinking as the lamb we found out there yesterday. I am the Master of my Fate, I am the Captain of my Soul, not quite that, I think, not that at all, but, if we do go through with the terrible battering, we do save something from the wreck, we are, at least, grown-up."

He paused. Queenie stared in silence at the kopje on the skyline.

"And now, I suppose, it is time we went in," he said, slightly irritated by the apparent waste of his eloquence, forgetting he had embarked upon it as a sort of joke.

"No," said Queenie, loudly and suddenly, "I want—no one else ever—you know what everyone feels—what you said just now—I never knew there was anyone like you, not one single person, to talk, to tell —" She stopped, for words were choking her. The echoes of his marvellous speech went on sounding in her ears; there depended on him now, not a new kind of pleasure, but the very hope of salvation, if she could only make him see. She wrung her hands in a funny childish way. The visitor looked at her in surprise. He was touched, and a little embarrassed, but, most of all, interested.

"Do tell me," he said, in his charming voice.

She turned her head sharply at the sound of it, and met his eyes, dark and shiny, full of an alien wisdom, and an alien's curiosity, with a spark of amusement in them, put out in a second, but put out a second too late. The people in the play, and the man who wrote it, had those eyes too, they shone against the darkness about her, cruel and bright, judging and laughing and being kind when their enchanting voices and their words, which meant all the time something different, which were not serious—traitors! devils! She flung her arm up over her eyes and made blindly for the steps.

"Queenie, my dear Queenie," implored the visitor, barring her way.

"Get out," she muttered through a rising flood of tears. She pushed past him and ran round the corner of the house between the low growing pepper-trees.

The visitor remained on the stoep.

"Good Lord!" he murmured. Being both kind and

clever, he was distressed. "Poor little soul," he thought, "what have I done?"

His host's voice hailed him, bidding him come in, he did not want to miss any of his guest's society. He heard Mrs. Trafford at the back door, calling Queenie. Dinner was ready. But she would have to call a good deal more loudly and authoritatively before she got an answer.

ALICE RITCHIE.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

**M**R. MICHAEL HOGAN'S production at Barnes of "The Idiot" would require someone ignorant of Dostoevsky's work to judge without prejudice. In seeing it, it is impossible to estimate how much of our previous knowledge and emotion we are carrying into the theatre. It was far better than one thought it could have been; the novel was, on the whole, very skilfully adapted and excellently produced, while the acting was much above the usual standard. Certainly, if one had never heard of Dostoevsky and had seen this play, one would have said that here was something very well worth while, and the first three scenes were extraordinarily good in the way they dealt with things that really are realities, and raised profound issues as to the quality of life. The fourth and last scene, however, was merely Grand Guignol, all those magnificent touches which appear in the novel being left out. It was, in fact, devoid of the necessary literary element. Also, one did not quite see why Rogozhin alone raved at the end, while Myshkin remained apparently perfectly sane, thus robbing the conclusion of Dostoevsky's implacable logic. But the whole play once more raises the whole torturing doubt as to whether a novel can be turned into a play at all. This question suggests itself: Is it that in a novel the action seems to grow out of the characters, whereas in a play the characters have to bow to some course of events over which they have no control, and to which they have to conform their natures? This might be worth investigation.

In "The Light on the Mountain," at the Regent Theatre, Mr. W. J. Locke sets out to exploit certain aspects of our time which call loudly for satire. Lady Adela, being tired of night clubs, bridge parties, the man who loved her, and the doctrines of the Church of England, is deluded into joining a Lamastery devoted to "Neo-Theistic Buddhism," founded by some English charlatans in Italy. Her lover, Major Peto, excellently played by Mr. Robert Horton, is one of those intelligent soldiers who has not wasted his time on the Indian frontier (it is pleasant to see the silly soldier man vindicated), sees through the fraud, and guessing there is no Lama, himself impersonates him. He puts the disciples through a thoroughly well-deserved course of asceticism, but though Lady Adela falls in love with the Lama, she cannot reconcile him with Peto, and is furious when he reveals the imposture. However, he carries her off fainting to a motor, and we are led to assume all will be well. It will be seen that this is an admirable popular-magazine story, but alas! on the stage it seems terribly thin and superficial. It has even to be eked out with rough-and-tumble, and extraneous lovers of marked imbecility. Nothing is revealed, nothing is criticized; there is no wit, and so no refreshment. It is a pity so promising an idea should be wasted.

The film version of "Irene," the successful musical comedy, has been showing at the New Gallery Cinema. I do not know whether from the commercial point of view such an adaptation is justified: artistically, it certainly is not. Though the photography is excellent, and even the "Fashion Parade," shown in colours, is not so offensive to the eye as such tinted films often are, the plot, which may serve in a musical comedy as a peg on which to hang songs and dances, is, in a film, intolerably hackneyed. From the first moment it is obvious to the most inexpert spectator that the pretty slum girl will marry the handsome millionaire after a brilliant career as a dressmaker's *mannequin*. Scenes of sordid tenement life, so beloved of American producers, are contrasted with equally sordid scenes of life in aristocratic circles, in surroundings of incredibly sumptuous



vulgarity. The film is only made tolerable, and at moments mildly amusing, by the acting of Miss Colleen Moore and Mr. G. K. Arthur, both of whom have some talent for the comic.

\* \* \*

Things to see or hear in the coming week :—

Monday, August 30.—“The Joyful Path,” at the Barnes Theatre. “Before Men’s Eyes,” at the “Q” Theatre. The Haslemere Festival. Ninth Concert. Italian Music.

Tuesday, August 31.—“Tip Toes,” at the Winter Garden. Saturday, September 4.—“King John,” at the “Old Vic.”

OMICRON.

## THOUGHTS AT AN O.U.D.S. PERFORMANCE

“AND the imperial votaress passed on  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.”  
To me, beneath the elms of Magdalen sitting,  
The old words, round their netted cage slow-flitting,  
Fell pausing.

“We have cates and wines enow;  
And, for the general, ale.”

“’Tis well. Do thou  
Some nimble-witted fellow hire, to frame  
An hour of mirth and spangles, prinked with name  
Of nymph and hero—such a pretty toy  
As our court-scribblers make, with Venus’ boy,  
Dian and dolphins, tritons, lovers true  
(But crossed by fate), Mars’ warrior-retinue,  
The Amazonian lady chaste as ice—  
Some delicate and intricate device  
Well sorting with a nuptial ceremony.”

And Shakespeare, bidden to prepare a mask  
For Essex his great patron, at his task  
Pondered, and juggling, jiggling patterns made,  
Shuffled the stale, “quaint” counters of his trade—  
Cupid all-armed, the cold moon, hearts and flowers,  
Pure maidens, burning shafts, and woodbine bowers—,  
Till his mind wandered back to earlier skies  
That domed a lad walking in paradise  
Rapturous as he watched the dusk ablaze  
With rocket-stars that threaded fiery ways  
And then shot madly from their spheres, to awake  
The moon-tranced glimmer of the sleeping lake,  
Whose white fangs hissed in angry seethe around  
The Silver Fyshe whose back a mermaid crowned—  
A mermaid singing, as she rode the tide,  
Of Gloriana great and deified,  
Of Gloriana and a gazing earth,  
(When Gloriana came to Kenilworth).

But . . . when the play attained a second birth,  
Before vast Gloriana in her court  
(Her mind relaxed from many a harsh report  
And rumour)—did the imperial votaress  
Behind the music of sweet flattery guess  
A poor man’s hopes, and send a gracious word  
To enchant her praiser? Or belike she heard  
Unheeding, and the poet left to shame  
Of failure purchased in ignoble aim?  
We know not; but the quiet words have wrought  
Unwitting record of their master’s thought—  
Of how a young man strove to please a queen:  
Of how a boy—what time in fierce delight  
He walked a field with torch and pageant bright—  
Once raised his eyes, and saw the moon serene  
Sail far aloof, as in time’s sky she shone.  
The ambitious rockets flared, earth shook to see  
And shouted forth in tinsel revelry!  
But the imperial votaress passed on  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

## THEATRES.

**ALDWYCH.** Gerr. 8929. NIGHTLY, at 8.15.  
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY, at 2.30.  
ROOKERY NOOK.  
TOM WALLS, Mary Brough and RALPH LYNN.

**AMBASSADORS.** NIGHTLY, 8.40. MATS., TUES., FRI., 2.30.  
ESCAPE. By JOHN GALSWORTHY.  
NICHOLAS HANNEN. MOLLY KERR. LEON M. LION.

**COURT,** Sloane Square. Sloane 5187 (2 lines).  
NIGHTLY, at 8.15. MATINEES, WED., THURS. & SAT., at 2.15.  
THE FARMER’S WIFE.  
3RD YEAR AND LONDON’S LONGEST RUN.

**DRURY LANE.** EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.  
ROSE MARIE. A Musical Play. A ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.  
NELSON KEYS, EDITH DAY, DEREK OLDHAM.

**GARRICK.** NIGHTLY, 8.30. MATS., TUES., THURS., 2.30.  
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## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## THE ART OF CRICKET

**I**N a charming cricket anthology just published, "Between the Wickets," compiled by Eric Parker (Philip Allan, 7s. 6d.), you may read the following words of John Mitford in 1833 about the famous Hambledon eleven:—

"Troy has fallen, and Thebes is a ruin. The pride of Athens is decayed, and Rome is crumbling to dust. The philosophy of Bacon is wearing out; and the victories of Marlborough have been overshadowed by fresher laurels. All is vanity but CRICKET; all is sinking in oblivion but you. Greatest of all elevens, fare you well!"

This is an attitude of mind with which most of us can sympathize. There is no doubt that with the majority of people cricket—indeed, sports or games in general, but pre-eminently, for Englishmen, cricket—takes the place which for a small minority of people, commonly known as highbrows, is occupied by the arts of literature, painting, sculpture, and music. In England cricket and football are the only arts which are generally taken seriously. If you go to a London bookstall and buy half a dozen morning papers and the three evening papers, you will almost certainly find that in every single one of them there are several columns devoted to cricket which contain absolutely first-rate art criticism. The standard of criticism of the non-sporting arts in the same papers, if it also applied to the cricket columns, would not be tolerated by their readers. An unorthodox painter or a writer who is trying to do something new in a new style is invariably received with sneers or laughter, but Root's peculiar method of bowling or Hobbs's stroke of genius in playing Mr. Richardson by standing a foot wide of his leg stump are instantly understood and appreciated. The way in which cricket journalists comment on, say, Rhodes's "fighting" of the ball, the relative merits of spin and swerve, or the effect of Tyldesley's slowness in the field upon his claims as a batsman to play for England, are an object lesson in conscientious and intelligent criticism to the reviewer of books or the dramatic critic.

\* \* \*

There is no doubt, I think, that cricket and other games, when treated in this way, as they are in England, are genuine arts. Anyone who has watched intelligently the batting of W. G., Mr. Lionel Palairet, Mr. R. H. Spooner, Mr. A. C. Maclaren, the great Ranji, or Hobbs, or the bowling of J. T. Hearne or Rhodes, could not possibly deny them the name of great artists. But I would go further; it seems to me that in games like cricket, which have a long history of serious treatment, in which every shade in the change of technique is understood and discussed, in which traditions and styles grow up, you may observe a development which is almost the same as that which takes place in literature and music. Literature in most countries seems to pass through three stages: the first is that in which the beginnings are first made, a little rough, a little uncouth, but marked by immense vigour and imagination, and ending often with a burst of creative exuberance (*e.g.*, the Elizabethan age); the second is, to use a much misused term, the classical period, in which styles and fashions may change, but in which works of great formal beauty are produced and the traditions of form, *e.g.*, of metre and rhyme in poetry, have an immense effect; finally, the golden passes into the silver age, in which on the one side you have the production of pseudo-

works of art, the mechanical reproduction of academic masterpieces according to the old formulæ and the old traditions, and on the other a continual and vague revolt which manifests itself in the invention of new tricks of technique and extremely clever and sophisticated inventions.

\* \* \*

Reading Mr. Parker's anthology, and looking back to the time when, on the Brighton County ground, I watched Humphreys bowl lobbs against the Australian team captained by Mr. Jack Lyons, or W. G. batting at Lord's, or Richardson bowling at the Oval, I seem to see the same process taking place in the art of cricket. The days of Brett and Lumpy Stevens, Mann, Nyren, "tall and stately Alfred Mynn," days of top-hats and rough wickets, of slogging batsmen who threw or bowled lobbs or round-arm, these are the days of the primitives, in which the art of cricket is being formed. Then you have the burst of creative genius in the days of the Graces, when the skeleton of the art's technique is finally built up and consolidated. No one could go back and write blank verse like Kydd after Shakespeare had written first "Romeo and Juliet" and then the "Winter's Tale," and after W. G. there was something of his off-drive, cut, glide, and leg-hit in every man's game. Thus you come to the classical or formal period of English and Australian cricket. F. S. Jackson, A. C. Maclaren, R. H. Spooner, the Palairets, Ranji, Victor Trumper, A. E. Stoddart, J. R. Mason, among batsmen; Attewell, J. T. Hearne, Lockwood, Lohmann, Richardson, Briggs, Rhodes, among bowlers—their styles are many and different, but they all conform to certain traditions of beauty and elegance and grace, to the conventions of the technique of stroke or spin or run. Anyone can tell a sonnet of Wordsworth from a sonnet of Milton, but you can see at once that Wordsworth belongs to the same period as Milton in a way in which Mr. T. S. Eliot does not belong to the same period as Wordsworth. So Shrewsbury and Ranji were both Periclean or Augustan, while Hendren is typically a silver age batsman. For cricket, like literature and music, has reached its silver age. On the one hand you have a large number of cricketers who bat and bowl academically, mechanically, using the cut, the drive, the glide, which W. G., Maclaren, Trumper, Ranji, have handed down to them. On the other hand, you have new tricks and devices in technique—the two-eyed stance, which has cramped the batsman, and the craze for the swerve with the new ball which has stereotyped and, as I think, cramped bowling.

\* \* \*

I believe this theory to be confirmed by the development of other games or sports, and, in order to test it, I read the following books recently published: "The Lawn Tennis Masters Unveiled," by B. H. Liddell Hart (Arrow-smith, 5s.); "Better Golf," by Percy Alliss (A. & C. Black, 5s.); "The Art of Boxing," by Georges Carpentier (Harrap, 3s. 6d.). They provide ample confirmation. The Dohertys and Vardon and Braid were the Palairets and Maclarens of tennis and golf. Tennis now seems to be at the zenith of its Periclean age, and golf to be just passing into a silver age when a patent putter or a new stance carry all before them. And boxing—but I have left myself no space to deal with the silver age of fighting.

LEONARD WOOLF.



## REVIEWS

## FICTION

- Delight.** By MAZO DE LA ROCHE. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)  
**The Riding Light.** By NEIL SCOT. (Foulis. 7s. 6d.)  
**Secret Market.** By WALLACE B. NICHOLS. (Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.)  
**The God Within Him.** By ROBERT HICHENS. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)  
**The Dancing Floor.** By JOHN BUCHAN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)  
**Billy Padley's Wife.** By NORMAN VENNER. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)  
**The Green Machine.** By F. H. RIDLEY. (Noel Douglas. 7s. 6d.)  
**The Comedians: A Story.** By LOUIS COUPERUS. Translated from the Dutch by J. MENZIES WILSON. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

FOUR of the stories in this list are intended as serious criticisms of life; three are written for a popular audience, deliberately, and with no pretension to literary merit; the last of all is an entertainment by an artist, making a literary show on the surface, but not laying claim to the deeper qualities which constitute literature. It is the recreation of a serious writer; it will be enjoyed by a few as a very charming and quite unconvincing entertainment.

All these are novels, yet there is little resemblance among them. The first class is not different from the second so much in quality as in kind. "The Riding Light," though crude and amateurish, is written for those who love literature; "The Dancing Floor" and "Billy Padley's Wife," in spite of their skill, are designed specifically for those who have no interest in literature whatever. To criticize them would be absurd; the only thing that can fittingly be done with work of this kind is to advertise it. Those who read "Billy Padley's Wife" will not be even vaguely interested to hear that it is good or bad; they will, however, want to know that it can be procured, that the plot is exciting without being shocking, or if shocking, then shocking in the right way, and that there is a happy ending. This is a class of information which should and, one hopes, soon will appear in the news columns of the daily Press.

"Delight" and "The Riding Light" are sincere attempts to write well; neither Mr. de la Roche nor "Neil Scot" has his eye on the public. Mr. Nichols's disinterestedness is more difficult to assume. "Secret Market" is at one moment sincere, and the next a fashionable *pastiche* such as that to which Mr. Alec Waugh has accustomed us. "The God Within Him" is still more questionable. Mr. Hichens's central conception is apparently sincere, but he has written by this time so many and such bad popular stories that for a genuine impulse he can only find the accustomed *clichés*. Ideally his novel should be given a double acknowledgment. It should be announced in the news columns and reviewed on the literary page, receiving applause in the one and condemnation on the other.

"Delight" is a remarkable, if in some ways a disappointing, novel. Mr. de la Roche's characterization is good. His heroine, Delight Mainprize, an English waitress in a Canadian public-house, is described with a naturalism which sets her, firm on her feet, in the centre of the story. May, the Cockney maidservant, is almost as good, and the other characters, Kirke, the Scotsman, Mrs. Bye, the cook, Charley, the waiter, always thinking of his home in England and the rabbits, are admirable. For a while there is only a trace of sentimentality, but as the action gathers intensity the author's grip slackens; he no longer sees the characters with his own eyes, but with those of the crowds he has evoked; he is submerged in their illusions, and none of his effects move us, therefore, as much as they should. Throughout, the story is a little too loosely wrought; it is so good that we feel it should be better; acknowledging its imaginative truth, we involuntarily ask for something more.

"The Riding Light" must be one of the most confused, ill-written, and extravagantly bad novels which have ever appeared. "How can I hope to produce an orthodox book when I do not even know how to divide it into chapters?" the author asks. And the question is relevant, for his chapters are arranged with an eerie lack of skill, like his scenes, the progression of his narrative, and his conclusion.

Yet his faults are so violent and so original that, if they could be reversed by practice, he might become a remarkable writer. Struggling through the book, one finds, at rare intervals, a genuine piece of characterization, like that of Miss Alison, a scene of fantastic intensity, like that between Leslie and Professor Grym, and intuitions which show the intermittent presence of an interesting mind. Mingled with these is an unmanageable sum of ineffective cleverness and puerile rodomontade. The author hardly ever fails to approach the situation by the wrong way, to strike the wrong note and use the wrong words. But the style, though atrocious, is curiously interesting, has occasionally a perverse felicity, and gives one the feeling, so persistently individual is it, that it may with time become a powerful means of expression. The author is concerned with more important things than most novelists are; where it struggles through the verbiage, his imagination is philosophical. But his merits cannot be felt, they can only be guessed at, so rudimentary at present appears to be his literary sense.

In Mr. Wallace B. Nichols's story there is promise, one does not know whether of good work or of bad. "Secret Market" is never positive enough to belong indisputably to either class; it is neither quite the author's own utterance, nor quite that of Mr. Waugh or Mr. Arlen. One feels that he set out to render his own impressions, but on his way his attention was diverted by the spectacle of other novelists busily writing away, and after that he could never get his eye back on the object. The affectation of his style, personal and mildly interesting at the start, becomes general as he goes on, and we recognize that in this way not one writer, but twenty, are for some mysterious reason doomed to write at present. The characters are naive wish-fulfillments of the author. The London in which they live is that generally described as post-war. The "secret market" is the trade in drugs. If it were not for an individual touch here and there, the rest might be imagined.

There is too much of everything in Mr. Hichens's monstrously long novel; descriptions of Continental resorts; conversations which read like leaders in the evening Press; reflections so trite that their perusal induces a mood of vacancy rather than of thought; sentimentality so obvious that its utterance is a surprise. There are over five hundred pages in the book, and no distinction in the writing. Yet obviously Mr. Hichens has been moved by his central figure, Kharkoff, a man who influences others by the impersonality of his nature, producing his effect on them by never in the ordinary sense asserting himself. Did this figure become "a lighthouse on a sea of nonsense" while Mr. Hichens was popularizing him, or was he popularized from the beginning? When we see him "thinking" peace at the members of the League of Nations, the author's intentions are at any rate clear enough.

Mr. John Buchan has shown again that he can write a popular story, conventional, icily calculated, and of no significance, in better English than anyone else. With a style fitted for excellent work he writes inanities, tries to make us forget everything that is of consequence, showing now and then a touch of hostility, one would almost imagine, against thought and sincerity. Mr. Venner is more truly at home in the story of conventional action. "Billy Padley's Wife" is a tale constructed with excruciating ingenuity; the adventures packed into it are comical and exciting at the same time; the sentiment is perfectly undistinguished; the characters are paragons of mediocrity. It has all the qualities of a good popular novel. "The Green Machine" is a shocker with Mars for its setting. The horrors are effective, but Mr. Ridley surely missed the mark when, describing the huge bats to be found in Mars, he asserted that each was "similar in bulk to an elephant."

"The Comedians" is a clever piece of restoration. Couperus does not show us the real imperial Rome, we feel, but he does show us an excellent imitation. He fails in his reconstruction of historical characters; his Tacitus, Pliny, and Martial are absurd; but otherwise the book is of its kind very good.

EDWIN MUIR.

## RENOIR (1841-1919).

**Renoir. An Intimate Record.** By AMBROISE VOLLARD. Translated by HAROLD L. VAN DOREN and RANDOLPH T. WEAVER. (Knopf. 8s. 6d.)

RENOIR was a painter pure and simple, if ever there was one. He painted on tea-cups, on the walls of *bistros*, on transparent paper to imitate stained glass—on anything he could get hold of until he could get hold of canvas. Painting was so much fun that there was nothing else in the world worth doing, except occasionally a little sculpture. He chose as servants people who would serve as good models, women, that is, whose skin reflected the light well; servants' hands were good too, not like the white, meaningless hands of society ladies. He painted women as he painted fruit—it is odd, by the way, that people whose remarks one hears in the galleries should never complain that his apples are too fat—and he wanted his pictures to look as though every millimetre had been lovingly caressed. No wonder he was unsuccessful at first. "It is curious how people are positively repelled by real painter qualities in a picture." Very few indeed get a delight from stroking one.

As for theory, that is all very well for literary people, and they are always wrong. Their endless talk about impressionism only displayed their ignorance. The only way to paint a picture was to paint it, to steep yourself in your craft, to know exactly the effect every piece of colour would have, to go and see how the old masters did it, and then go and apply their palette to your work. Try, experiment, see what happens—but the old people are always right; they were lucky in not having all these new tones to contend with. Progress! What nonsense! Mere literary talk.

Monsieur Vollard's "Renoir" and "Cézanne" are books to be grateful for, since he is an admirable Boswell, who knows how to draw his subjects out, and record their conversations. There is more to be learnt about painters and painting from these books than from any number of "aesthetic" works. Everybody can take to his heart the things his people say, for they are their real utterances, their undress remarks. This book is merely a sequence of recorded conversations, but how illuminating, how full of entertaining anecdotes, not one of which but has its point! One can imagine no better light reading, and no reading which, on this subject, is more worth while. Besides, the way the character is built up by this *pointilliste* method is remarkable. The solidity and reality Renoir assumes is a true achievement in the art of biography; and as a story, this perfectly regular, placid career, hardly disturbed even by the Commune, a succession of steady ups and no very perceptible downs, is as triumphant as any romance. But truth, properly stated, and absolutely bare, is always more fascinating than fiction, for it gives you just the raw material from which you can make your own work of art.

It must not be thought that because Renoir was entirely absorbed in painting, he was a fool in other matters. His literary judgments on Zola and Flaubert are worth listening to: M. Cocteau himself could not disapprove of them. And on other points he was clear enough. When Citizen Rigault was trying to convert him to the Commune, he said: "But, my good friend, you don't know what you are talking about. You ought to pray for the Commune to fall instead. Don't you realize that if the Commune is victorious, your satiated Communards will become worse bourgeois than the others? But if the Commune is defeated, just watch the tricks the Versailles will use to keep themselves in power . . . free bread, cake in place of bread . . . the People King!"

Although M. Vollard is concerned mainly with Renoir, the book is full of amusing anecdotes about other people, authors and dealers, painters and patrons. His especial *bête noire* is Rodin, and one of his most entertaining pages, if the most malicious, is an account of a conversation he had with the famous sculptor. Rodin's remarks are obviously true; they are not the sort of thing anyone could invent, and I quote some of this passage, rather than any about Renoir, so as not to spoil the future pleasure of the reader of the

book. After Rodin had complained that, although he had been called the Victor Hugo of sculpture in Buenos Ayres, he had no friends good enough to link his name immortally with Notre Dame, Vollard asked (while he was settling himself in the automobile):—

"One last word, Master. In case you do not leave an epitaph, have you made arrangements for the place where you are to be buried?"

"Rodin: Just a hole in the garden; I have always been a simple man. But (here with a flattened hand he made the gesture of decapitating something) there are to be no priests. . . . If there were, I would not be a true heir of the Revolution, 'a son of the Twentieth Century,' as my good friend Frantz Jourdain said. . . ."

"The car moved forward. The face of the great artist was framed in the window."

"I have no fear of the devil!" he cried."

The book is well illustrated with twenty-six excellent reproductions of Renoir's characteristic work, and the translation is effective (in spite of one or two minor slips); nor is the slightly transatlantic idiom disturbing.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

## AN OUTLINE OF WHITCHURCH

**A Village on the Thames: Whitchurch, Yesterday and To-day.**

By SIR RICKMAN J. GODLEE. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

WE now travel so fast and so far that the place a man lives in is frequently the last he explores; and even if he does amass an unsystematic but detailed knowledge of the beetles which crawl in his garden or the river which waters his valley, he is shy of imparting it. He assumes that the naturalists, the geologists, and the archaeologists know and have recorded all that he has observed, and so his country lore does no more than sweeten his own life, and dies with him. Perhaps this is why this record of Whitchurch is a kind of book which is now seldom written. Sir Rickman Godlee would have been proud to be called a prince of country wisecracs. He not only had a house at Whitchurch on the Thames: these fifty short essays collected by Lady Godlee are a remarkable proof that he really *lived* there. He wrote them to amuse himself and instruct his neighbours. They appeared in the Whitchurch Parish Magazine in the last years of his life, and were terminated only by his death. The series closes with an extract from a letter:—

"When I come to the bottom of my widow's cruse of omniscience I shall buy a white sheet and devote a number to my errors."

Apart from its obvious pathos, this sentence is a succinct criticism of the book. Its flash of modest humour is one which the author too seldom allows to lighten the essays themselves. The interest of the book is, of course, mainly parochial. But those who like their essays to be deliberately sweetened with charm might level the same adjective in another sense against these, protesting that their source could have been guessed without being stated. There is a grain of truth in this. The book is one to browse in, and the reader who makes a forced march through it may sometimes wince under the hail of facts.

Godlee begins by remarking that there are six different kinds of soil in a short walk from his house, and takes a straight plunge back to the time when the Chilterns had yet to rise as cliffs above the sea which covered England. He is very successful in thus placing the present Whitchurch, its villagers, its church and manor, its field life and its waterway, in a clear perspective in the long vista of time. No doubt he runs the gauntlet of half a score of specialists, and once, indeed, after certain alleged slanders on the Little Owl, he comically brings a swarm of naturalists about his ears. He chooses as a text for a bloodcurdling denunciation of the housefly a remarkable poem by one William Oldys, an eighteenth-century antiquary. Lister's biographer very properly regards this verse with horror, but it may be quoted for its sweet perversity:—

"Busy, curious, thirsty fly!  
Drink with me and drink as I:  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Couldst thou sip and sip it up;  
Make the most of life you may,  
Life is short and wears away."



## PIPING PETER AND OTHERS

**The Green Bough.** By ANN ALLNUTT KNOX. (Cape. 4s. 6d.)

**The Laburnum Branch.** By NAOMI MITCHISON. (Cape. 5s.)

**Martha-Wish-you-III.** By RUTH MANNING-SANDERS. (Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.)

**Collected Poems.** By A.E. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

**Poems, 1902-1925.** By EDWARD THOMPSON. (Selwyn & Blount. 3s. 6d.)

**Chorus of the Newly Dead.** By EDWIN MUIR. (Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.)

PIPING PETER, we read, having travelled to London and disliked it and thereupon written "a book that was cynical" to rhyme with "mourned them all," repented, returned, and

*"Drowned the book in a Cotswold stream.  
He danced and he piped and from every side  
Little brown creatures gathered round,  
Felt magic and heard through the valleys wide  
The whistling pipe and its soothing sound."*

Now, if Ann Allnutt Knox had not been, as the jacket reminds us, born and bred in the Cotswolds, what would have been the history of Piping Peter? Why, he would have still been Piping Peter with a difference: he would have picked his peck of pickled pepper in a rival poetic neighbourhood. Say, Ditchling in Sussex where a detachment of bards is permanently quartered; Ditchling where they keep chickens and throw handmade pottery and sing folksongs in the very early morning. What fun he would have had drowning his book in a Dewpond behind Lewes, with the Larks and Little Lambs gathered all about him. Or, say again, "Caledonia stern and wild, Meet nurse for a poetic child," where he would have cheerfully composed many a lament like that of Naomi Mitchison (q.v.) beginning:—

*"Green graves in the Southland. My heart it is sair  
For the braw lads and bonnie I'll never see mair."*

Or, say again . . . but no! these speculations are unprofitable. The Cotswolds claim him securely this time.

The rest of Naomi Mitchison—that was, I think, an early poem thrown in for old sake's sake—is a typical modern alternation of the rather informal—

*"When I see you, I hate you so much  
That my belly aches  
Rich woman!  
I wish there was going to be a revolution,  
You ought to be properly raped  
And then strung up to a lamp-post"*

put in just to show that it can be done, and the rather less informal—

*"The Chinese lanterns in broad day  
Like orange ghosts show faint and strange.  
We feel the throb of dancing feet,  
The distant music's halt and change"*

which is put in just to show that it can be done to show that it can be done: if you follow the argument.

Ruth Manning Sanders's "Martha-Wish-you-III" is magazine verse of a tender and competent kind. I have noticed some of the pieces in the HERALD, I believe. It suffers by not being illustrated by the people who do so illustrate. Quotes, please!

*"When my fish is in the barrel and my net's in store  
And I push a bag of sand up under the door,  
Light my candle, stir my fire, and drink my dish of tea,  
I know then that God ain't forgot about me,  
Says the little old man."*

("Lord sir! to think that you recognize me in my beard and tarpaulines! You always was a clever gentleman, but I never thought you'd unriddle this here disguise. Yes, I'm Piping Peter right enough; a holidaying in romantic Cornwall among the R.A.s at Polperro.")

A.E.'s "Collected Poems" have already been reviewed here, and so has "Voices of the Stones," his last year's volume, the addition of which accounts for this reissue. A.E.'s work, then, let us briefly note, has kept remarkably of a piece for the last—is it thirty years?—both in technique and in the spiritual exaltation without which apparently he allows no poems to escape. The result is a book that consists—like the conversation of a Christian Scientist, if the analogy may be permitted by all parties involved—almost entirely of idealistic highlights: Rapture, Radiance, Beauty, Magic are recurrent with few or no dark spaces to set them off. We

would be more grateful, perhaps, were they judiciously interleaved with the works of many of his slacker-nerved contemporaries who only seem to write when they are feeling like quarter-to-three on a Sunday afternoon at Rugby. The Collection is prefaced by a prayer. It is usually an embarrassment to find a man on his knees in public, but A.E.'s integrity of spirit excuses our blushes, and we recall Johnson on Christopher Smart: "I'd as lief pray with him as with anyone else."

Edward Thompson's "Selected Poems" have been long due: he has published at irregular intervals since 1902 some seven or eight slight volumes of verse; but has been modest enough to allow the public memory to pigeon-hole him as a playwright, an expert on Tagore and on Sakta poetry, an annalist of the Mesopotamian campaign, the originator and editor of Messrs. Benn's remarkably successful Sixpenny Poets, and more recently as the man who blew the gaff on the official histories of the Indian Mutiny. Edward Thompson, the poet, has somehow been overlooked. His verse is mostly descriptive of Indian and English country scenes, and combines simplicity, technical dexterity, and natural-historian accuracy. His epitaph on himself is the most quotable introduction to further reading:—

*"Stranger, if passing by you seek to learn  
What man was he whose ashes fill this urn—  
Know: there's a ghost remembers now by Styx  
He marched with Maude, was with the few who first  
The embattled sandhills of Samara burst,  
And once hit Faulkner over the ropes for six."*

To the last feat, I may say, I have found an independent witness. It occurred during the War, in Palestine.

Edwin Muir is a shrewd critic of modern poetry, and as such is pigeon-holed not only in the public mind, but increasingly in his own: he has become like a hostess so attentive with her, "Cream? Sugar? Let me see, you take two lumps? Another cup?" that she lets her own tea get cold. The result is odd: a modern Tennyson who has had the advantage of reading Edith Sitwell and T. S. Eliot and profited by the reading, but remains inalienably Tennyson:—

*"The mangled thicket where, half-shown  
Three tracks like twisting vipers meet,  
The squat façade of tortured stone  
Close ambushed in the sultry street."*

*"None read their lineaments but I  
Who knew what grinding levers move  
To change the orbit of an eye  
Towards death, towards hate or full towards love."*

ROBERT GRAVES.

## SOME BOOKS ON MUSIC

**An Introduction to Music.** By H. E. PIGGOTT. (Dent. 6s.)

**How to Compose a Song.** Second Edition. By ERNEST NEWTON. (Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d.)

**Masters of Music Series: Bizet.** By D. C. PARKER. Sullivan. By H. SAXE WYNDHAM. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. each.)

**Hadyn.** By MICHEL BRENET. (Milford and Oxford University Press. 6s.)

**Chopin.** By WAKELING DRY. (Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.)

THE list at the head of this review is proof of the large variety of books on music which are now being published, and a reading of the books themselves impresses one with the good standard which publishers are attaining in this branch of publication. The first two books on the list are strictly educational. Mr. Piggott's "Introduction to Music" is admirably planned and very competently executed. It is written for people who want to know the elements of musical theory, but who do not propose to study a musical instrument with a teacher. As Mr. Piggott points out, this class of person has enormously increased owing to broadcasting and the gramophone, but most of the ordinary books on music are not of much use to him. Here he will find an ideal introduction, in which time, pitch, scales, the elements of harmony, &c., are explained with great clearness and in a way which makes everything interesting. An admirable feature is the large number of quotations from the scores of the great musicians which are used as examples or for exercises. Mr. Newton's book is, of course, more technical, specialized, and advanced; it can safely be recommended to all who wish to learn how to write songs.

The other books on our list are studies, biographical, critical, or analytical, of particular masters. The "Masters of Music Series" is mainly concerned with biography, and the volumes on Bizet and Sullivan are no exceptions to that rule. Indeed, Mr. Saxe Wyndham's book rigorously excludes any musical criticism, and is a plain, chronological, but readable, account of Sullivan's life. Mr. Parker's "Bizet" is a welcome addition to the series, for there is little or nothing in English on the author of "Carmen." There is not very much material in Bizet's short life for a biographer; in fact, he dies on page 126 of Mr. Parker's book, and the rest of the volume is devoted to an interesting appreciation of his position in the world of music.

The translation of Michel Brenet's "Haydn" ought to find many readers, for it is, as Sir W. H. Hadow says in his preface, "the best available biography of Joseph Haydn." Though short, it is something more than a biography, for it is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the life, and the second critically treating the works, of the composer. The biographical portion is extremely well done; the second part is a serious contribution to musical criticism. Students of music will welcome this sensitive and sympathetic estimate of Haydn's work at a time when, as Sir W. H. Hadow points out, the neglect into which it had certainly fallen "is passing away at any rate from this country," and "we are renewing, year by year, our enjoyment of his melody, his humour, and his translucent style."

Mr. Wakeling Dry's little book on Chopin, being in "The Music of the Masters" series, reaches the other end of the scale from the "Bizet" and the "Sullivan," for here we have no biography and all analysis. Mr. Dry goes steadily through Chopin's works, giving a short description of each. The drawback to the method is that he has such a very little space that he can hardly say anything about any of them. One does not quite see the use of the following description of the sixteenth Prelude (and of many similar descriptions throughout the book): "a *presto con fuoco*, was one of Rubinstein's 'battle' pieces. It is a boldly conceived composition, full of vigour and life."

### TRAVEL IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

**Czechoslovakia: The Land of an Unconquerable Ideal.** By JESSIE MOTHERSOLE. (Lane. 18s.)

ALTHOUGH the "sea-coast of Bohemia" is an outgrown error, the new Czechoslovakian State is as yet sufficiently unfamiliar to the general public to justify Miss Mothersole's aim in writing a book to further the acquaintanceship. Comprising as it does an historical sketch, information political and social, and an account of extensive wanderings through the country, the book may be described as an unofficial guide. As such, a real disadvantage lies in the fact that its bulk will not readily permit of its being stowed in a suit-case so that the practical hints to travellers might be referred to on the spot.

The motto of the Czechoslovak Republic is "Truth Wins." This is the "ideal" of Miss Mothersole's subtitle; she traces it from its adoption in the fifteenth century by the followers of John Hus, through the religious wars and tyranny of the Hapsburgs, to its culmination in the establishment of an independent State in 1918. Her appreciation of the Czech leaders of thought and education is apparent, but she is happier on the more personal note of describing her own travels in Bohemia, Slovakia, and Moravia. Here Miss Mothersole proved, as her preface states, "how easy it is for one or two Englishwomen to travel all over the country, covering thousands of miles, not only without inconvenience or molestation, but experiencing everywhere the greatest kindness." In fact, the impression given is of widespread native hospitality and friendliness to strangers, even where strangers were least to be expected. For Miss Mothersole displayed a tireless zeal in visiting the least accessible villages and beauty-spots, though it might involve a two-hour tramp under a deluge or the risk of being stranded homeless for the night. She therefore knows the country well enough; yet not too well to maintain the freshness of outlook of the visitor, who is sensitive to place-impressions that become dulled by over-familiarity. To write expressionistically from the inside requires more art and a different method of

attack; but Miss Mothersole writes frankly from the outside as an observant tourist. Her simple, unassuming narrative is pleasantly sprinkled with the typical incidents and encounters whose universality all travellers will recognize. There are references to food, conveyances, and other inevitable sources of anxiety to those who leave the beaten track. "Baths evaded us all along the way," she tells us, but hot water failed only once. This is an encouraging record; it has been known to fail in places less remote than a Moravian village.

But if Miss Mothersole has the outlook of the tourist she has also the artist's eye. Her sketch-book was busy throughout the tour, and her illustrations in both black-and-white and colour form one of the main attractions of the volume. They give the reader a vivid idea of the scenery, of peasant types in brightly coloured national costume, and of the innumerable old castles that crown a sheer cliff or dominate a town. The book should appeal to lovers of the picturesque in search of a little-trodden path.

### NOVELS IN BRIEF

**Adam's Daughter.** By JOHN CARRUTHERS. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Possibly the newest young people have never heard of "Ann Veronica"; on no other grounds can one justify the perpetual recurrence of the revolting daughter in fiction. None of the imitations of Mr. Wells are much fun; and there is no fun at all in Mr. Carruthers's version of the stale epic of revolution, feminism, the science which happens at the moment to be popular, biology or psychology, and the flight into the country with a temporary lover. Jenny, the daughter of Adam Brookfield, has every gesture and trick suitable to her rôle, and the atmosphere of the provincial town in which her father has spent his thwarted career as a teacher and headmaster is not unconvincingly conveyed. Less probable, surely, is the sketchily outlined provincial university. Could a collective atmosphere of sobriety have existed, in 1923, to which Jenny's cheap and obvious anarchy would really have seemed novel and significant? The cold and cowardly young lecturer whose lack of nerve assists her to grow up is a successful character. The surfeit of psychological brutality to which she and her brother give the name "home" is powerfully but artificially inspired. The book has for conclusion the anti-climax of the suggestion that Jenny discovered a devotion to the head of the settlement in which she buried her chastened ambitions.

**The Lunatic in Charge.** By J. STORER CLOUSTON. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)

The history of the search for Sir Algernon Abbotsbury, the opulent and anæmic young baronet, makes a very entertaining parody of more scientific and serious mystery stories. From the moment when Colonel Carter, the respectable Tory friend of the Abbotsbury family, enters into partnership with the celebrated S. L. Youth and determines to rescue the baronet from the notorious League organized by the scoundrelly Zero, the fun and tension are never allowed to relax. Rarely can a pupil in the art of criminal investigation have been more apt and intelligent than the Colonel; his adventures at the Piccadilly Tube Station revealed how agilely and fantastically his imagination could work. To imprison young ladies in telephone boxes at the point of the revolver and claim them as his wives ("second act to be filmed at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning") might have been the normal employment of his comfortable life. The remaining surprises and counter-surprises are of the same standard, as refreshing, whimsical, and effective as would be expected from the well-practised author.

### BOOKS IN BRIEF

**The Letters of Mary Nisbet, Countess of Elgin.** Arranged by Lt.-Col. NISBET HAMILTON GRANT. (Murray. 18s.)

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
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I think her manner very vulgar," she wrote of Lady Hamilton, nor did Lord Nelson's appearance impress Lord Elgin more favourably. "He looks very old, has lost his upper teeth, sees ill of one eye, and has a film coming over both of them," he wrote. Then they reach Constantinople, and Lady Elgin's children are born, and she refuses to dance on Sunday, and finds the silk very cheap, and plans to have her beds at Broomhall lined with it. Lord and Lady appear on the best of terms, and call each other Eggy and Poll. Lord Elgin, of course, "felt himself impelled to procure and preserve the Elgin marbles," and sent famous shiploads home, of which there is some account. It comes with a shock after all these sprightly and gossipy letters to be told, very briefly, that the marriage was not a happy one, and that Poll married a Mr. Fergusson after Eggy's death, and lay for many years under a stone without a name.

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Lord Huntly's memory stretches back to the Duke of Wellington's funeral, when the plumes of the mourners made a big black pool of water in the hall of his father's house, to which they returned for luncheon. All his life, indeed, has been passed either on the stage or behind the scenes of public affairs, though it is true that he has never taken a commanding part in public life. Although his position condemned him to a life of sport and society, he varied this with some odd experiences and some unexpected friendships. He has travelled extensively in Australia and the East; knew Henry Fawcett; and narrowly escaped death in the Thirsk railway accident. But the worst of being born the heir to a great name and possessions is that it appears almost impossible to settle down to any one thing. Now he is building a bridge; now he is fishing; now he is delivering a Rectorial address at Aberdeen; now he is careering round the world; now he is breeding cattle; now he is performing his functions of a Captain of the Gentlemen at Arms. Sprinkled with sporting anecdotes and travelling anecdotes, such a book is easier to read than to keep distinct in memory.

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## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## THE NEW ACCOUNT—MANBRÉ—RUBBER

THE new account on the Stock Exchange lasts for the proverbially unpopular three weeks, and moreover opens at the unpropitious moment when prices in the industrial markets have gone ahead of the situation in the coalfields. The Stock Exchange seems to have failed to discount all the propaganda appearing in the Press, and to have assumed that the owners' battle had been already won. The following table will show the rise which has too rapidly occurred in some of the leading securities in the coal, iron and steel, engineering, and textile markets. These shares we have selected as most likely to repay attention on any reaction :—

	Aug. 24th.	Aug. 9th.
Amal. Anthracite ... ..	18/0	16/10½
Dorman, Long ... ..	10/0	8/9
Consett Iron ... ..	17/0	14/8
South Durham ... ..	48/0	46/8
Guest Keen ... ..	85/6	88/6
Courtaulds ... ..	5 15-16	3½
English Sewing Cotton ... ..	52/6	47/8
Bradford Dyers ... ..	58/0	40/0
Bleachers ... ..	44/8	41/6

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A report that there has been a speeding up in American rubber factories and that many Ohio plants are now working twenty-four hours a day, is better news for the rubber market. It means that stocks of tyres in American manufacturers' hands are at last being reduced more quickly. Stocks of outer covers had risen from 6,106,000 at the end of December to 9,846,000 at the end of April, and stocks of inner tubes from 8,485,000 to 15,509,000, and had only fallen to 8,976,000 and 15,182,000 respectively by the end of June. An American Trade Journal at the beginning of this month stated that reserve stocks in manufacturers' hands had now been depleted to such an extent, owing to the summer demand, that factories were getting behind in orders. Consumption of rubber this year in America has been strangely below the estimates, but so also has production on the British and Dutch estates. There is still one element of uncertainty arising out of the restriction scheme. Many estates are carrying forward large "export credits" representing the gap between what they were permitted to export and what they actually exported during the last six months. An estimate in the RUBBER QUARTERLY puts the total of the "export coupons" for Malaya and Ceylon together at some 84,000 tons. This means that a reduction from 100 per cent. to 80 per cent. in "standard" production would be non-effective as long as these "export coupons" could be used. A reduction from 100 per cent. to 60 per cent. would, of course, make the restriction scheme extremely effective. It is possible that the Colonial Office will take steps to abolish the accumulated export coupons.

## AUSTRALIAN FINANCE

## I.—THE INCREASE IN DEBT

Are Australian securities sound? This question crops up again with every reference in the Press to the "over-borrowing" of Australian States. Sir Joseph Cook would have us believe that Australian Government securities are as sound as those of Great Britain. This really depends on a number of questions—the rate at which Australia has been borrowing since the War, the proportion of the national wealth that has now been mortgaged, for what purpose the borrowed money is being spent, and what steps are being taken to reduce the total debt by the provision and proper use of sinking funds. We will attempt to answer these questions briefly, albeit conscious of the difficulty which any student of Australian finance has to meet—that Australian statistics rarely agree. The following table will show the increase in the Australian public debt since 1918, both for the Commonwealth and the States, and the net total debt per capita :—

Year ended June 30th.	Public Debt of Commonwealth. £	Public Debt of States. £	Net Total, Debt of Australia. £	Public Debt per Capita. £ s. d.
1918 ... ..	284,035,069	892,540,161	658,892,715	181 8 10
1919 ... ..	825,770,747	866,836,149	694,174,277	185 0 10
1920 ... ..	881,800,905	480,002,847	778,841,883	145 8 0
1921 ... ..	401,730,024	474,847,439	828,015,846	151 15 7
1922 ... ..	416,070,500	528,489,889	884,877,238	158 16 8
1923 ... ..	410,996,816	550,878,641	905,484,946	159 8 9
1924 ... ..	415,600,090	505,864,487	935,578,938	164 18 1
1925 ... ..	*480,947,592	608,884,254	988,581,135	165 to 166

\* Figure for 1926 just received is £458,448,687 of which £804,546,648 was war debt and £89,800,149 "duplications."

The net total debt is arrived at after making deductions for debts counted twice, that is, where the Commonwealth Government has borrowed money which it has re-loaned to the States, the amount has appeared in both columns. The total net debt for the States does not take into account the sinking fund holdings, which amounted to £18,630,951 on June 30th, 1926, but of that point something will be said later. Take, first, the increase in the debt. It has been stated that the tremendous increase in Australian borrowing since 1912 is chiefly due to the War. The total net debt of Australia, in fact, during the War increased by 100 per cent., but since 1918 it will be seen that it has increased by 43 per cent. The individual increase for that of the States is 54 per cent. Is not that accumulation excessive as compared with an increase of about 30 per cent. in the case of Canada?

In the second place, the wealth of Australia is now estimated at about £3,000 millions. The estimate for 1921, quoted in the Official Year Book, is £2,166,000,000, which worked out then at £396 16s. 11d. per head. The total net debt of Australia in 1921 was thus about 38 per cent. of the total estimated wealth. Few would argue that the wealth of the country has increased at a greater pace than the debt since 1921. It is, then, fair to say that over a third of the wealth of Australia has been mortgaged. That is not a comforting thought either for the Australian or for the next subscribers to an Australian loan. The total net debt of Australia at June, 1926, works out at £166 per capita. The corresponding figures for the individual States, at June, 1925, are as follows :—

	Gross Debt. £	Sinking Funds. £	Net Debt— Per Capita. £ s. d.
New South Wales ... ..	215,881,110	578,184	94 10 6
Victoria ... ..	128,445,565	4,084,796	74 8 7
Queensland ... ..	96,889,067	1,107,554	111 8 8
S. Australia ... ..	74,780,835	1,270,118	185 7 0
W. Australia ... ..	64,408,281	10,188,247	147 11 5
Tasmania ... ..	28,894,416	1,406,932	106 2 5

Now the Canadian debt figure works out at £52 per capita, as compared with the Australian figure of £166. That, again, is not a comforting comparison.

(To be continued.)



